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RULERS OF THE NATION.

BY ALICE CARY.

O Rulers of the Nation,
Give ear, give ear, I pray—
A band of restless women
Are your suppliants to-day:
A band of grief-worn women,
Who can only wait and pray.

Hang down, sleep-heavy head and tell us,
O Rulers of the Land,
How long on this, our station,
And impotent scrutiny, stand.
Be Justice thus watching from her
In blood, the grains of sand!

We have looked on Hill justly crying,
We have left our sons in battle,
In their beauty they are dead;
What comfort, O our Nation,
Have you sent us in their stead?

Must we rent the fathered from
Of our children that remain;
Must we hear their bitter crying
For the brothers, brave slain;
Must we never see the beaming
Of the bright, glad day again?

SELF-MADE;

OR,

"OUT OF THE DEPTHS."

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN HAND," "THE INDY NORMAN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER-IN-LAW.

"Your waiter, noble lady!
My friends were all my own, so is my love,
My art obliged, for it took time to learn.
That is the bread of me. My dearest maiden,
Your father's gone, and you are my debtor.
For loving what I am, you shall be my inheritance."

The poor waiters had just finished their afternoon meal, cleaned up their room, and settled themselves to their evening's work. Noon was splashing gaily, Hannah was singing disjointedly, while Warner's wheel keeping time to the clatter of Hannah's knife. The latter task was filled and Herman Brudenell, bringing a deuce of aurene in his hand, entered the hall.

"There, Hannah! those are prints! I just dropped in to leave them, and to say that it is certain my mother leaves for Washington on Saturday. On Sunday morning, I shall bring my wife home; and you, too, Hannah, for if you will and consent to live with us, you must still stop with us until you and Greg are married and ready to go to the West," he said, throwing the game upon the table, and shaking hands with the sisters. His face was glowing from exercise, and his eyes sparkling with joy.

Sit down, Mr. Brudenell," said Hannah, hesitatingly.

The young man hesitated, and a look of droll perplexity passed over his face as he said:

"Now don't tempt me, Hannah, my dear; don't ask me to stop this evening; and don't even let me go so if I wish to. For on I promised my mother to be home in time to meet some friends at dinner, and I am late now! Good-bye, sister; good-bye, sweet wife! Saturday morning, Mrs. Herman Brudenell, you will hold the head of your own table at Brudenell Hall!"

And giving Hannah a cordial shake of the hand, and Nora a warm kiss, he hurried from the room.

When he had closed the door behind him, the sisters looked at each other.

"Think of it, Hannah! This is Thursday, and he says that he will take us home on Saturday—in three days! Hannah, do you know I never before believed that this would be! I always thought that to be acknowledged as the wife of Herman Brudenell—elected at the head of his establishment, settled in that magnificent house, with superb furniture and splendid dresses, and costly jewels, and carriages, and horses, and servants to attend to all, and be called Mrs. Brudenell of Brudenell Hall, and visited by the old country families—was a great deal too much happiness, and prosperity, and glory for poor me!"

"Do you believe it now?" inquired Hannah, thoughtfully.

"Why, yes! now that it draws so near. There is not much that can happen between this and Sunday to prevent it. I said it was only three days—but in fact it is only two, for this is Thursday evening, and he will take us home on Sunday morning; so that there is only two whole days—Friday and Saturday—between this and then!"

"And how do you feel about this great change of fortune? Are you still satisfied, though no longer unbelieving?"

"No, indeed!" replied Nora, glancing up at the little looking-glass that hung immediately opposite to her wheel; "if I have pleased Herman, who is so fastidious, it is not likely that I should disgust others. And mind this, too, I pleased Herman in my homespun gown, and when I meet his friends at Brudenell Hall I shall have all the advantages of splendid dress. So, Hannah, I am no longer incredulous or frightened. And if, when sitting at the head of his table when there is a dinner party, my heart should begin to fail me, I will say to myself, 'I pleased Herman—the noblest of you all,' and then I know my courage will return. But, Hannah, won't people be astonished when they find out that I, poor Miss Nora Worth, am really and truly Mrs. Herman Brudenell! What will they say? What will old Mrs. Jones say? And oh! what will the Miss Marvins say? I should like to see their faces when they hear it! For you know it is reported that Colonel Marvin is to marry Miss Brudenell, and that the two Miss Marvins are secretly pulling caps who shall take Herman! Poor young ladies! won't they be dumb-foundered when they find out that poor Nora Worth has had him all this time! I wonder how long it will take them to get over the mortification, and also whether they will call to see me. Do you think they will, Hannah?"

"I do not know, my dear. The Marvins hold their heads very high, and look down upon us with scorn."

"So they! Well, I fancy they have not much right to hold their heads much higher than the Brudenells. Indeed, Hall and theirs. Hannah, do you happen to know who our first ancestor was?"

"Adam, my dear, I believe."

"Nonsense, Hannah! I do not mean the first father of all mankind—I mean the head of our house!"

"Our house? Indeed, my dear, I don't even know who our grandfather was!"

"Fudge, Hannah, I am not talking of the Worths, who of course have no history. I am talking of our family—the Brudenells!"

"Oh!" said Hannah, dryly.

"And now do you know who our first ancestor was?"

"Yes; some Norman filibuster who came over to England with William the Conqueror; I suppose. I believe, from all I have heard, that this family has had a knapsy among the noble English families and old Maryland'ers."

"No, you don't, Hannah. Herman says our family is much older than the Conquest. They were a noble race of Saxon chiefs that held sway in England from the time of the first invasion of the Saxons to that of the Norman Conquest; at which period a certain Wolfbold waged such successful war against the invader and held out so long and fought so furiously as to have received the surname of 'Brudenell!'"

"Humph! do you call *that* an honor, or *this* a respectable ancestor?"

"Yes, indeed! because it was for no vice or crime that they gave him that surname, but because it was said no man born of woman could have exhibited such fruitful courage or performed such prodigies of valor as he did. Well, anyway, that was the origin of our family name. From Brud-bold it became Brudenell, then Brudenell, and finally, as it still sounded rough for the name of a respectable family, they have in these latter generations softened it down into Brudenell. So you see I should like to detect the Marvins looking down upon us!" concluded Nora, with a pretty assumption of dignity.

"But, my dear, you are not a Brudenell."

"I don't care if I am not," said Herman says a wife takes rank from her husband! As Nora Worth, or as Mrs. Herman Brudenell, of course I am the very same person; but then, to some of them I will remember my humble origin and my undeserving of anything better."

At this moment the latch of the door was raised and Jem Morris presented himself, taking off his hat and bowing low, as he said:

"Evening, Miss Hannah; evening, Miss Nora. Hope you feels yourselves well?"

"Why, Jem, Professor is that you? You have been gone a long time. Hannah, would you like to have me light the lamps and you to set out the tea-things, too late for you to go out alone?"

"No, Hannah, I must go! I am not afraid of the night, and I am afraid of her! But if you do not think it will be for me to go alone, you can have company. Jem, you will be welcome here, pretty much as a child would stand when called up before its betters for examination.

"Your name is Nora Worth, I believe," said the lady.

"My name is Nora, madam," answered the girl.

"Yes, madam."

"Now, then, my girl, do you know why I have sent for you here to-night?"

"No, madam."

"Are you sure that your conscience does not warn you?"

Nora was silent.

"Ah! I have my answer!" remarked the lady in a low voice; then raising her tone she said:

"I believe that my son, Mr. Herman Brudenell, is in his habit daily visiting your house; is it not so?"

Nora looked up at the lady for an instant and then dropped her eyes.

"Quite sufficient! Now, my girl, as by your silence you have admitted all my suppositions, I must speak to you very seriously. And in the first place I would ask you, if you do not know, that when a gentleman of Mr. Brudenell's high position takes notice of a girl of your low rank, he does so with but one purpose? Answer me!"

"I do not understand you, madam."

"Very well, then, I will speak more plainly! Are you not aware, I said, that when Herman Brudenell visits Nora Worth daily for months he means her no good?"

Nora paused for a moment to turn this question over in her mind before replying:

"I see not, think, madam, that Mr. Herman Brudenell could mean anything but good to any creature, however humble, whom he deigned to notice!"

"You are a natural fool, or a very artful girl; one or the other?" said the lady, who was not very choice in her language when speaking in anger to her inferiors.

"If you admit by your silence that Mr. Brudenell has been visiting you daily for months; and yet you imply that it is doing me no means yet no harm! I should think he meant your utter ruin!"

"Mrs. Brudenell!" exclaimed Nora in a surprise so sorrowful and indignant that it made her forget herself and her fears, "you are speaking of your own son, your only son; you are not his mother, how can you accuse him of a base action?"

"Decoyed yourself, my girl! You surely forgot the presence in which you stand! Base actions, crime, can never be connected with the name of Brudenell. Mr. Herman Brudenell will be a gentleman and assume themselves with just such conduct as he thinks fit!" said the lady haughtily.

"Although their unseemed, ends in the utter ruin of the object! Do you not call that a crime?"

"Girl! how dare you, how dare you!" The lady has been extended to call me Mrs. Brudenell, and you, knowing, by your own confession, that through my ignorance or *duress*," said Nora, having her courage, "I have been led to believe that she was gaining self-possession every moment.

"Will you answer my questions then; or continue to be silent?"

"I can answer you so far, madam—Mr. Brudenell has never attempted to speak to me of the expense of Nora Worth; nor is she one to whom he would be honored by the subject of any man's amusement, whether he be gentle or simple!"

"And yet he visits you daily, and you permit him to do so. And this has gone on for months! You cannot deny it—you do not attempt to deny it. Girl! you have proved, by your own words, but Nora kept silence.

"And yet you say he is not amusing himself at your expense?"

"He is not, madam; nor would I permit any one to do so!"

"I do not understand this! Girl! answer me! *What are you to say on?*"

Nora was silent also.

"Answer me!" said the lady, severely.

"I cannot, madam! I am forgive me, but I cannot answer you!" said Nora.

The lady looked fixedly at her for a few seconds; something in the girl's appearance startled her; rising, she advanced and pulled the heavy shawl from the shoulders of the young girl, then with an expression of mingled hastiness, anger and pain.

Nora, dropped her head upon her breast, and covered her eyes with the palms of her hands.

"I am answered!" said the lady, throwing the shawl upon the floor, and breaking the bell.

Javiel answered the summons.

"Send Miss Brudenell to me!" said the lady, and if she ever dares to show her face upon these premises again, I'll make a constable take her by the collar and lead her off to the lock-up!" she added, with explosive violence, as Javiel left the room.

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As with downcast eyes and shrinking form Nora entered the room, she caught sight of the carnival passage and past the dining-room door, she saw that Mrs. Brudenell was standing, still clothed with her friends at the table.

Ah, ha! she did not know what I have had to bear with on his first acquaintance!" she said to herself as she hurried by.

Arrived at the door of the kitchen, she drew the shawl closer around her shivering figure, pulled the bonnet farther over her blushing face, and silently took the arm of Hannah to return home.

Not a word was spoken by either, and when they had left the house their walk was at silent as the deserted and dreary path of poor Job, for the footsteps together and sat down before the cheerful blaze, that Nora threw herself sobbing into the arms of her sister.

Hannah gathered her child closer to her heart and caressed her in silence until her fit of sobbing had exhausted itself, and then she inquired:

"What did Mrs. Brudenell want with you, dear?"

"Oh, Hannah, she had heard of Herman's visits here! She questioned and cross-questioned me. I would not admit anything, but then I could not deny anything either. I could give

MADAME BRUDENELL AND NORA.

no direct answer to her questions, and then she—she—oh, Hannah! she insulted me! She called me a—a—a—girl! She said that I was a—a—a—girl! She said that I was a—a—a—girl! She said that I was

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

her no satisfaction, because you know my tongue was tied by my promise. Then she suspected me of being a wild girl. And the reasonableness was more severely than ever. Still I could give her no satisfaction. And her suspicions seemed to be confirmed. And she looked at me, coldly, with such terrible eyes, that they seemed to burn me up. I know, not only my poor face, but my very life of my own seemed on fire. And suddenly she exclaimed, 'Why, you are a—' and on it her tooth was terrible before, it was consuming now! Instantly, I started to shield it all up in the cloak of God look, like some poor worm in the flame! I guessed Nora, with a quick, magic catch of her breath, as she once more clung to the neck of her sister.

What next?" coolly inquired Hannah.

"She sprang the bell and ordered Jerald to put this vile creature (meaning me) out," and if ever I dared to show my face on the premises again, to send for a constable to take me up."

"You bloodless woman!" exclaimed the elder sister, with a burst of very natural indignation. "She will have you taken up by a constable! I dare you show your face there again, will she? We'll see about that! I shall tell Herman Brudnell all about it to-morrow as soon as he comes. He was out until late last night, and I left word with Ingston that he must acknowledge you in his wife immediately. To-morrow morning he must take you up and introduce you as such to his mother. If there is to be an explosion, let it come! The lady must be taught to know who it is that she has brought with ill words, driven from the house and threatened with a constable! 'She must know that it is an honorable wife whom she has called a vile creature; the mistress of the house whom she has driven out of doors! And finally that it is Mrs. Herman Brudnell whom she has threatened with a constable! Herman had spoken with such vehemence and rapidity that Nora had found an opportunity to speak, but she could not, to use a common phrase, "get a word edgeways." It was only now that Hannah paused for breath that Nora took up the discourse with:

"Hannah! Hannah! Hannah! how can you go on so? Tell Herman Brudnell that my own mother's treatment of me, indeed! I will never forgive you if you do, Hannah! Do you think it will be such a pleasant thing for Herman to hear? Consider how much it would hurt him and perhaps estrange him from his mother and—and—what! shall I do anything, or consent to anything, to set my husband against his mother? Oh, Hero, Hannah! I would rather remain forever in my present shocking position than consider, she was not so much to blame for her treatment of me! You must not be so unjust, you must not! Say that her son had actually married me, and—"

"I should have told her!" interrupted Hannah, vehemently. "I should have told her every evil charge for one moment in silence! I should have told her that I knew you were not! I was! I should have taken possession of my rightful place and said, 'Mother!' and sprung a bell and said for Mr. Herman Brudnell and had it sent with the old lady over the way!"

"Hannah, I could not! my tongue was tied by my promise, and besides—"

"It was not tied!" again dashed in the elder sister, whose unusual vehemence of mood seemed to receive her no dog the talking herself. "Herman Brudnell—as if a gentleman follow with all his faults!—refused both you and myself from our proposals, and told us in so many these words we should find that the marriages sought not any longer to be kept secret, which, he declared, Nora and I had acted a cheat there between mother and me? when both those high spirits would be to become an intolerable bore to us! I have said things to each other that neither could ever forgive! What! could a reprieve between them that never could be closed?—No, indeed, Hannah! Herman Brudnell would be in a rage with shame in the glare of that lady's scornful look; I would not care myself to sit and look at Ann and—or her. For though you may't believe my, Hannah, I love that lady in the sight of her scorn! She is my husband's mother; I love her as I should love my own mother! Oh, will she was something me up with her scornful looks and words, how I shall ever forget her that I was not the unworthy creature she deemed me! I pray, indeed, indeed, that I may adored both her and her son and who would, for the love I bore them—"

"Die, if necessary, I suppose! That is just about what both lovers propose to do for each other," said the elder sister, impatiently.

"Well, I would, Hannah! I would! It is not what I meant to say I meant that for the love I bore them I would, as often to express it, every respect that I should at last lift myself to their level and be worthy of their love."

"Humph! and you can rest under this ban of reproach?"

"No, not rest, Hannah! no one can rest in that cruel reproach is for to rest in dishonor! it, knowing it to be undeserved! For, Hannah, even when I stood shrinking in the blaze of that lady's presence, the feeling of innocence day by my heart, kept me from death! for I think, Hannah, if I had deserved the reproaches I should have dropped, blackened, at her feet! I should be dead! I should not be able to stand and shout it. Only I have never kept anything from you, and so I declare to God and my soul, and my heart that overbrowed with trouble made me to be dumb! Another time I will tell you all, but to my due honored of this. In two days the lady and her son will be in Washington, and then Herman will take us home, acknowledge me and my wife, and—Hannah! There will then be no outbreak; both will command their tempers better when we are all met, and there will be nothing said or done that need make an irreparable breach between the mother and son, or between her and myself. Promise me, Hannah, that you will say nothing to Herman about it to-morrow?"

"I suppose not. Now, but only because the time drawn so very near when you will be acknowledged without any interference on my part."

"And now, dear sister, shout you and Herman have you told him of Mr. Brudnell's offer?"

"Yes. Ann—"

"And he will accept it?—"

"Ann—"

"And what shall you be married?"

"The very day that you shall be settled in your new home, Ann. So, you see, you must wait that. I do not wish to go to Brudnell, Nora. Nothing can ever persuade me into a like lady, as I should be out of place there even for a day. Besides I should be extremely sorry to leave you, Nora—seriously, you have always looked upon me as a sort of unapproachable person. I have been their elder-sister in long times. And they would never know how to treat me if they lived me in the drawing-room or at the dinner-table! While you, as I observe, you are certainly enjoyed! You have never worked out of our own account, you are their master's wife, and they will respect you as such. But so for me, I, an even I should embarrass everybody if I should go to Brudnell. And on the other hand, I cannot remain here by myself. So I have taken Bertha's advice and agreed to walk with him to the church the same hour that Mr. Brudnell takes you home."

"That will be early Sunday morning."

"Yes, dear!"

"Well, God bless you, best of motherly sisters! May you have a rich husband, Hannah, and Nora, as she raised herself from Hannah's knees to prepare for rest.

CHAPTER VIII.

RUN OF THE MORNING MARRIAGE.

How her children knew about.

Mrs. Brudnell's visit to Mrs. Ingston.

Herman, Hannah, and Nora.

After the departure of Miss Worth, Mrs. Brudnell remained silent. Indeed, she could not show upon the little stand at her side, bowed her head upon her hand and fell into deep thought. Should she speak to Herman Brudnell of this matter—No! It was too late; others had gone too far; they must now take their course; the foolish girls were sure of her own head, and on that of her careless elder sister; they would not be warned, that was certain; no respectable family would ever employ either of them again; they would be a warning, so much the better! they would be a warning to other girls of their class, not to know out their sets to catch gentlemen! Herman had been foolish, wicked even, but then young men will be young men; and then, again, of course it was that artful creature, Nora, who had cast the snare, the net on the subject, certainly; not yet let him know that she had discovered the truth! What then? She was going away with her daughter in a day or two! And, good goddess, he would be left alone in the house! So as he pleased to think, and pleased to do, seeing that girl there as his housekeeper, probably, and an occasional visit to Brudnell Manor! No, that must never be! She must interfere in the matter! She must write to one of the sisters to Washington. But if he should decline the invitation and refuse to go? Well, what then? Why, as a last resort, she would give up the Washington visit, and remain at home to guard the sanctity of her son's house.

Having come to this conclusion, Mrs. Brudnell once more composed herself. Her own Jovial made his appearance she said:

"Let the young ladies know that I am alone, and they may join me now."

In a few minutes Miss Brudnell and Miss Hannah entered the room, followed by the gentlemen who had just left the dinner-table.

Coffee was immediately served, and soon after the guests took their leave.

The young ladies also left the drawing-room, and retired to their own apartments, considered the most packing of some fine laces and jewelry. The mother and son remained in conversation.

Mrs. Brudnell seated upon her favorite sofa, and Herman walking slowly and thoughtfully up and down the whole length of the room.

"Herman," said the lady.

"Well, mother?"

"I have been thinking about our winter in Washington. I have been collecting that myself and Hannah Worth, and Nora, should go there."

"I've never had any in Paris or in London, mother, and yet you got on very well."

"Yes, and was a wonderful winter; you were a youth at college; we could not have your company; but now you are a man, and have your place, until you marry, is with me and my daughters. We shall need your escort, Herman, and be happier for your company."

"I should be very glad if I could be of any company to the city."

"Then it is settled, and—and—for, my dear mother, one for the engagements that bind me here."

She did not ask the very natural question of what those engagements were, for she was afraid to let him see that she knew or suspected his attachment to Nora Worth, or, as she termed it:

"You refer to the improvements and additions you mean to make to the house? I wish that those repairs had better to deferred until the winter would be over, and you could attend to them for such work?"

"No, dear mother, all the alterations I mean to have made inside the house can very well be done while we are there. I would much prefer to have the whole place in complete order for your return, and I shall enjoy my winter all the warm weather with me."

The lady lifted her head, she had never known her son to be guilty of the least insincerity. She had believed him to be the very soul of herself and her daughters to Brudnell, to spend the next summer, and now he was talking as to contemplating the removal of Nora Worth to his own house.

"Then you really expect us to make this our home, as heretofore, Herman?" she said.

"I have no right to expect such a favor, my dear mother, but I certainly hope that you will, the son, continually.

"That is a sad every young bachelor living on his own estate who cares to be restrained by the ties of home. Herman, I fear that you will really desire a life of more freedom and gaiety than would be proper with ladies in the house! and Mrs. Brudnell—"

"Yes. Well, Herman, it may just as well be understood that myself and my child natures here to spend the summer. But now—the provisions question! You say that Hannah will accompany us to Washington?"

"I have not spoken to Hannah on earth to oblige you I would do, if possible! But now you go on farming, and this I believe you will. There is but one intervening day. I could not in the necessary arrangements. I have also my business to transact with my overseer; the whole year's accounts will be examined, and there will be duties to do before I could possibly leave home. Besides, I am not sure that I can leave all these matters, and join you in Washington at the end of the week. In fact, I shall require time and my cashier to that grand national ball, of which I have been incessantly talking."

"And remain with me for the winter?"

"If you shall continue to wish it, but if I find a better, decorator and upholster whom I should deem to Brudnell Hall, there will be improvements, and whom I can trust to carry out my ideas."

The lady's heart leaped for joy! It was all right then! She was willing to leave the neighborhood! he had no particular attentions here! his affections were not fixed on any one! Nora was with dark girl had been only a piece of boyish folly, and she was to be separated from her and tired! Those were her thoughts as she blushed her son for his considerate attention to her wishes.

Meanwhile what were his purposes? To consolidate his mother by every concession except that to let her depart from his house! to let her feelings towards himself that to write to her and announce his marriage; plead his great love as its excuse, and implore her forgiveness! Then, to keep his word and go to Washington, taking Nora with him, and remain for the winter? Is his mother should still desire him to do so.

A few moments longer the mother and son remained in the drawing-room before separating for the night—Mrs. Brudnell seated on her sofa and Herman walking slowly up and down the floor. Then the lady arose to retire, and Herman lighted a bed-room candle and put it in her hand.

When she had bidden his good-night, and left the room, he resumed his slow and thoughtful walk. It was very late, and Jerald opened the door for the purpose of entering and putting out the lights; but seeing his master still walking up and down, he quietly retired, and the evening while he waited in the hall without.

The clock upon the mantelpiece struck one, and Herman Brudnell lighted his own candle, and ascended to his chamber. It struck two—a common one enough at other hours of the night, only suggestive at that hour and in that place. It was the roll of carriage wheels into the great gateway of the house.

Who could possibly be coming to this remote country mansion at one o'clock at night? While Herman Brudnell paused in expectancy, hope in hand, Jerald once more opened the door and looked in.

"Jerald, is that the sound o carriage wheels, or do I only fancy so?" he said in a young man.

"Carriage wheels, master, coming right up the house, too?" answered the negro.

"Who can it be coming here at this hour of the night? We have not an acquaintance between twenty miles on the one side or the other. And it cannot be a belated traveller, for we are not on any public road."

"That's just what I been a-sayin' to myself, sir, for some time past on the subject, certainly; not exactly how know that it was a carriage, sir, but what I think it was. She was going away with her daughter in a day or two! And, good goddess, he would be left alone in the house! So as he pleased to think, and pleased to do, seeing that girl there as his housekeeper, probably, and an occasional visit to Brudnell Manor! No, that must never be! She must interfere in the matter! She must write to one of the sisters to Washington. But if he should decline the invitation and refuse to go? Well, what then? Why, as a last resort, she would give up the Washington visit, and remain at home to guard the sanctity of her son's house.

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"No, dear mother, all the alterations I mean to have made inside the house can very well be done while we are there. I would much prefer to have the whole place in complete order for your return, and I shall enjoy my winter all the warm weather with me."

The lady lifted her head, she had never known her son to be guilty of the least insincerity. She had believed him to be the very soul of herself and her daughters to Brudnell, to spend the next summer, and now he was talking as to contemplating the removal of Nora Worth to his own house.

"Then you really expect us to make this our home, as heretofore, Herman?" she said.

"I have no right to expect such a favor, my dear mother, but I certainly hope that you will, the son, continually.

"That is a sad every young bachelor living on his own estate who cares to be restrained by the ties of home. Herman, I fear that you will really desire a life of more freedom and gaiety than would be proper with ladies in the house! and Mrs. Brudnell—"

"Yes. Well, Herman, it may just as well be understood that myself and my child natures here to spend the summer. But now—the provisions question! You say that Hannah will accompany us to Washington?"

"I have not spoken to Hannah on earth to oblige you I would do, if possible! But now you go on farming, and this I believe you will. There is but one intervening day. I could not in the necessary arrangements. I have also my business to transact with my overseer; the whole year's accounts will be examined, and there will be duties to do before I could possibly leave home. Besides, I am not sure that I can leave all these matters, and join you in Washington at the end of the week. In fact, I shall require time and my cashier to that grand national ball, of which I have been incessantly talking."

"And remain with me for the winter?"

"If you shall continue to wish it, but if I find a better, decorator and upholster whom I should deem to Brudnell Hall, there will be improvements, and whom I can trust to carry out my ideas."

The lady's heart leaped for joy! It was all right then! She was willing to leave the neighborhood! he had no particular attentions here! his affections were not fixed on any one! Nora was with dark girl had been only a piece of boyish folly, and she was to be separated from her and tired! Those were her thoughts as she blushed her son for his considerate attention to her wishes.

Meanwhile what were his purposes? To consolidate his mother by every concession except that to let her depart from his house! to let her feelings towards himself that to write to her and announce his marriage; plead his great love as its excuse, and implore her forgiveness! Then, to keep his word and go to Washington, taking Nora with him, and remain for the winter? Is his mother should still desire him to do so.

A few moments longer the mother and son remained in the drawing-room before separating for the night—Mrs. Brudnell seated on her sofa and Herman walking slowly up and down the floor. Then the lady arose to retire, and Herman lighted a bed-room candle and put it in her hand.

LOVER'S MISERY.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON

I have, dear one, that in the life
Our paths shall parted be,
Yet like the mariner to his star
I still shall turn to thee!
And memory and hope shall light
Upon my heart-strings play,
To send me words of love and light
Each morning new the evening bright,
And evening bright the night;
Within the world of gloom
While I, in grief and bitterness,
Sing on the lone shore my song.

Our paths shall now unite again,
Our hearts shall beat as one,
But still the thought shall wound
That we have parted been.
And while I sing the saddest song
That now to tune can be,
I'll sit and wonder why we thought
And think, dear one, of thee.

LOVE IN AN EXPRESS TRAIN.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

The winter night was closing, dark and drear, around the tunnel and boats of the railroad station, and the lights of the city of Boston were there, blinking afar to their little children on the opposite shore. The cold, biting wind, depressed travellers, to whom it seemed a move to go out from the warmth and the coziness of the wings of steam, and nervous, mountain voyagers, to whom it was a matter of indifference, alike, with indescribable peril. There were the fishermen with their oilskin frocks and sou'westers, and the whistling the gaslighted waiting-room, while without the snow-fall, white and consolidated, gave the eye of the traveller but little idea of light through the darkness for yards around.

High Southhawk was walking slowly up and down the waiting-room, with his arm thrown loosely on the shoulder of Alfred Neville, his friend and school friend. Both were wrapped to the very throat in furs and broadcloth, and, while he had in part been talking, they were both absorbed in their own thoughts and conversation with the gentlemen who were around them.

So you are really setting forth on your travels, Hugh?" exclaimed Neville. "And when shall you return home?"

"I can scarcely tell—certainly not in many months, perhaps years. It depends upon circumstances, or possibly pitch my tent among the pampas of South America."

"Hugh," said his friend turning so as to talk more in private, "you are not going to leave me, for the fathomed cap of the traveler, "I promised you when we were boys, and have kept through loving of proofs infallible. What has changed you? Some disappointment in love, perhaps?"

"Time works changes in us all," returned Southhawk, evasively.

"Hugh!" said Neville reproachfully, "surely you might trust me! Let there be confidence still for you in deep my your confidence at last?"

"You are right, Neville," replied Hugh, somewhat softened by the earnestness of his friend's manner.

"Nor am I unwilling to confess to you that I have been the sport of my life has been changed since that unlucky love's quarrel with Edith Ashton. We were boys, then, it is true, only a couple of foolish children, I was passionate and headstrong, she was petulant and willful, and so we quarrel—"

"And made it the occasion of her—"

"She married Charles Calthorpe years ago, and I have not set sight of her. I have sometimes wondered whether the man to whom she has given her hand, and her heart, with it, treats her tenderly as I should have done?"

"Why not find out? Write her example, my boy, and take auto yourself a wife."

"Neville, you are incredible.

"I am constrained somewhat like the rest I am constrained that of that blossom and one in a life-time. I could no more love a second time than I could have two souls."

"Pity!" observed Neville, "when there are so many unconvincing persons and sentimental daughters who would appreciate your the best of hearts and very many thousands! Hugh! I have come your habit. In with you, old fellow you, see a fine new and fair, just to tell you how that you haven't turned Mussulman at Constantinople, or taken to living among the jungles of Bengal."

There was a cynical grin of very cynical kinds on Neville's face, as he spoke, which brought the brunette Southhawk's brow into a frown. But after the moment's annoyance he laughed heartily at the idea of his friend's becoming a Mussulman or a jungle-dweller.

"Well, Neville," he said, "I will go with you to see your newly-married friend, but I will not promise to remain with you more than a few minutes. I am impatient to be off, and I have many preparations to make."

"Nonsense! Not to visit me for a few days! I'll sit no excuses, Hugh, so be thoughtful. And Edith, dear one, of the.

SNOW-BLINDNESS.

Snow-blindness is caused by the reflection of the sun's rays from the snow. The eyes become inflamed, and the sufferer is in great pain. Sometimes the inflammation is so great that the eyeball protrudes from the socket. Snow-blindness is very common in the Arctic regions, and is the cause of much suffering among explorers. Dr. Kane, in his Arctic explorations, suffered from it, and Dr. Hayes, in his recent expedition, was also afflicted with it. Dr. Hayes says that he was obliged to wear a veil of green gauze before his eyes, and the express train was speeding away through the gloom and darkness of the winter night.

"Is this seat engaged, sir?"

Hugh Southhawk, roused in the negative, almost mechanically, for the conductor's voice roused him from a deep reverie into which he had fallen, the twilight of the half-illumined car, the heated atmosphere within and the swift, tremulous motion of the train, were alike favorable to dreamfancies, and it was not particularly pleasant to be roused to social conversation for a third and two little children.

"Hugh knew nor's business to be travelling with children!" grumbled the fat man with spectacles opposite, over the which he glanced, but the little two-year-old had stumbled.

"Babies are a perfect nuisance in a car!" remarked the subdivided old maid whose nerves were disturbed by the cooing of the baby beside whose bun eyes were just on a level with its mamma's shoulder.

And High Southhawk—whether out of the sheer spirit of contradiction, or from feelings chiefly, will never, we fear, be known—leaned forward and took the fair-eyed cooing babe in his arms, while he assisted the lady to dispose of her numerous bundles, bags and valises.

"Thank you, sir!"

The words were spoken so low that Southhawk scarcely caught their sound, but the rosy little boy on his knee caught every tone by his mother's tactlessly by cleanormously demanding the instant stranger's watch, and rubbing his velvet cheek delightedly against the costly fur which edged High's travelling-coat.

"Papa had a fur coat like this—papa is dead!" the child said, with a sudden burst of tears, even to High Southhawk's, with innocent confidence.

Southhawk's heart was touched, and down into the light child-eyes with a strange feeling, for it was the retreat of childhood, and Hugh's head had so soon drawn eyes before!

"Mamma is dead, too," he said to the child, his sorrowful tone, "and the baby! Mamma has only one baby now, and that is a small cloth clad, and—and—"

"Hush, sir, don't talk my more," interrupted the soft, tremulous voice at Southhawk's side, with an accent that thrilled him to the very heart's core. He looked down at the face on the child's shoulder. Southhawk leaned forward to get a glimpse of the features, but his head belonged to the sweet, low voice, but it was useless—for we was low and bent, while the child's cooing strange riddle?

"And what is your name, my little fellow?" he asked, a sudden inspiration coming to his aid.

"Maurice Ashton," said the child, and the child, his cheek by thrust out with offended dignity, and holding beyond aid if he expected the decree to be repealed.

"Ashton!" repeated Hugh, amazed the conductor, hurling down the aisle.

"Hold your horses there, my friends, my man; where did I put that ticket?" said Hugh, coolly, with unconcern, and searching in the pockets of his pocket-book. "O, here it is—all right!"

All right! Yes, but as the fair owner of the lantern he had discovered the key to that tremendous secret, and the key to the door to our second—and Hugh Southhawk knew that Edith Dare was sitting behind him!

"Mr. Southhawk!" she uttered.

"Edith!"

Through the lonely winter hollows—through glens of the Highlands, and the valleys of Ireland, and across an ocean of dreary hills and valleys—flashed the electric spark of the long-parted, and after long years of separation.

"Edith, I am worrying you," she said, timidly.

"Nay, Edith," said Southhawk, reproachfully, "you need not be so interrupted in the delivery of your sorrowful nurse!"

"I—I—I—

THE VOICES OF THE DEAD:

PARTLY A RHYTHMED PARAPHRASE

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

The world is filled with voices of the Dead,
Not from their solemn graves, their cenotaphs,
Their monuments by Gratitude reared up
To guardian Heaven, alone they speak,
But also from the throng of life: unseen,
Yet life is with their large, grand presence filled,
As mighty forests with the viewless wind,
Whose breathing is a melody, a power,
A thing for mediation and sweet awe.

II.

By the still fireside, in the thoughtful night,
They speak to us; and in the chamber lone;
And in society's thick paths; and in the halls,
With voices of the living murmurous.

III.

The lonesome thicket and the crowded street,
The venerable walls that shake to myriad steps,
Or echo back rapt Supplication's tone,
And Adoration's chant—all are thine own.

IV.

Go where we will, the voices of the Dead
Are there: we live, we talk, we smile, we weep
With those who once lived, talked, smiled, wept with us:
Their well-remembered tones, dear music breathed
Through Memory's sounding hall, forever sweet,
Floats with the breeze's song, the thunder's hymn,
The falling leaf, the jubilee shout of Spring,
And Summer's song of opulence: the Earth
Is filled with their long, choiring, shadowy train.

V.

But deeper, broader, grander impress still!—
With the great labors of the Dead this world
Is filled and glorified, as Heaven by the stars
Of that Creative Hand, making the cloudy deep
Magnificent, that else was rayless night
And cold abstraction. Art and Science grand,
The ever-towering Fanes, the pathways of mankind,
Maxims, opinions, presidences, thrones,
These are the labors of the glorious Dead:
By these they also speak: the Universe
Is with their voices filled, and to their tone
Trembles with joy and solemn ecstasy.

THE LANSINGS.

A SKETCH OF VALENTINE'S DAY.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

It was a stormy winter day. Mary Lansing stood at the window looking out upon the dreary deserted street. Mrs. Lansing and her daughter Charlotte sat near the fire, sewing, and conversing in low tones. It was a very pleasant home-picture. The fair, still youthful-looking mother, the lovely girl of eighteen, already her companion and friend, and the pretty creature standing beside the window in that eager expectant attitude—

"Standing with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet—
Womanhood and childhood fleet,"—

the pet of the household, with her winsome merry ways, made up a group for an artist.

Mary drew a long breath, bending more forward, as a solitary figure made its appearance round the corner of the square, buffeting the blinding, whirling snow, hurrying along, up flights of steps at almost every door, ringing furious peals, stamping impatiently as he waited for tardy servants, then on again, to repeat the same scene. It was the postman, and this was Valentine's day. And if the poor man had been possessed of Cupid's wings, instead of his own stumbling feet, if he had been Mercury himself, he could hardly have carried all the messages which St. Valentine had inspired on this his own peculiar day.

"What are you looking at, Mary?" asked Mrs. Lansing, glancing up from her work, and perceiving how fixed was her young daughter's attention.

"At the postman, mamma. He's stopping at every door, and he has so many letters that he carries them in a great bag."

"It's Valentine's day, mamma," said Charlotte, softly, and a faint blush played across her fair cheek, and dyed her whole face crimson, as Mary exclaimed:

"He's coming here, mamma!" and then, with the impetuous curiosity of a child, ran out upon the landing to listen as Bridget opened the door.

"Miss Charlotte Lansing, two; Miss Mary Lansing, one; Bridget O'Flaherty, one," shouted the postman; "four cents, and be quick, my girl."

"Git out wid ye! That iver the likes of ye should be callin' me your gurrel—ye that has the wife and six blissid babies at home the day!" quoth Bridget, irate.

"Don't ye wish it was Patrick Murphy, the policeman, that called ye so?" retorted the postman. "But hurry up, and bring me my money, and then ye can see if 'twas Pat that sent ye this Valentine."

"Here, Bridget, are the pennies," cried Mary, gliding down the stairs, "and I'll take up the letters."

"And plaze, Miss Mary, would ye be so kind as to read mine for me?" says Bridget. "I'm just kilt with wonderin' if it's from Pat, the darlint."

"Oh, yes, I'll be down in five minutes," Mary answers, and springs up the stairs, and Bridget dives into her own subterranean regions, holding the precious Valentine at arm's length, in her exceeding and reverential delight in its possession.

The flush spread once more over Charlotte's face, and dyed even her white throat, as Mary placed the letters in her hand. One was a superbly ornamented Valentine, the expensive, ostentatious gift of one who had not even taken the precaution to disguise the hand in which the address was written—conveying no sentiment, and awakening no emotion except the pleasure which the sight of any beautiful object inspires. But the other—a plain white envelope with her name boldly but elegantly inscribed upon it—Charlotte's hand trembled as she grasped it—she cast a tender glance at the address, held it softly, almost reverently for a moment, then, with a faint sigh, hid it away in the folds of her dress. Her mother watched her silently while over her face flitted a half mournful smile, and then she turned to Mary, who was exclaiming loudly and indignantly over one of those ludicrous, comic Valentines which make one laugh spite of their exaggerated colors and unnatural forms, which some mischievous boy-lover had sent her.

"It is not worth so many words, my dear," she said, "lay it aside, or put it in the fire, and think no more about it. You should not take it so seriously."

"I'll put it away till papa comes home. I know he'll think it a shame," said Mary, "and now I'll go down and read Bridget's Valentine. She'll put pepper in the pudding and sugar on the meat if I make her wait much longer, for she was quite beside herself when I left her."

As soon as Mary had closed the door, Charlotte raised her beautiful, drooping eyes to her mother's face. Between this mother and daughter there was perfect confidence, and Charlotte replied to her mother's inquiring glance:

"He must be in town, mamma. It is a city letter," and, with a half reluctant movement, full of charming, timid grace, she laid the unopened letter upon her mother's lap.

"Read it yourself, Charlotte, and then show it to me if you wish," said Mrs. Lansing. "I am going up stairs for a little while, and you can have the room quite to yourself." And so, with rare tact and delicacy, this excellent mother withdrew. She went to her own room and sat down, a little sadly, in that solitary place, to arrange the thronging thoughts that rushed upon her. Already a shadow from the swift-coming future was projected upon her life. For eighteen years Charlotte had been all her own. The touch of her baby hands, those soft aimlessly straying hands, had first awakened in her heart the purest of earthly joys, the perfect joy of motherhood. And since, as the merry child, the joyous schoolgirl, the lovely young woman, each year more the companion and friend, each year showing some added grace or beauty, and growing more and more completely into her mother's life. The thought of separation had seldom come to her, and then only to be put away with a pang. But now, perhaps, even at the moment, another claimed her. In a little time, perhaps, loving and beloved, this precious child would go out from the shelter of that home, never to dwell there more. Another love, more selfish, more absorbing, succeeded the mother's. Could she yield her up? As Mrs. Lansing asked herself this question—the question many an affectionate mother has asked with anxious sorrow—she felt the tears start to her eyes. But, in the perfectness of her unselfish love, she repressed them. If Charlotte was happy, no signs of sadness on her part should mar her joy. And so she sat and silently strove with the apprehension that filled her heart.

After a time came a timid knock at the door. Charlotte stood there, tremulous, flushed, gloriously beautiful. The mother drew her in and pressed her to her bosom, and Charlotte laid her head on that tender breast which had been her refuge in every sorrow, the recipient of every joy of her brief life.

"You are happy, my child," Mrs. Lansing said, at last, half-questioning.

"Oh, mamma! so happy—he is here in the city—he is coming this evening. Oh, mamma, to think that he should want your poor little Charlotte!" and so she went on, murmuring in that loving ear the joy and the humility of her love.

"Oh, mamma, he says he has such a lovely house all prepared for me in that beautiful Western town, furnished with everything but one. Can you think what that one is, mother dear? Do you think you and papa can spare me to be his housekeeper, his—his—" and then the blushing face was hidden again.

"To be George Stanley's wife, my love. My child, I hardly think there is a man in the world worthy of my Charlotte, but George is honorable, and good, and kind. We have long expected this, my dear, and are prepared to give you to him whenever he claims you."

"Thank you, mamma; but you look sad. Would it be so hard for you to have me go away? Oh, why did I not think of that? I have no right to leave my own dear mother—the best mother girl ever had—the best home," and the happy face was saddened and tears filled the brilliant eyes.

And then it was the mother's part to be comforter, and so an hour slipped away, and then Mary came knocking at the door, curious to know what this long conference meant, and why she was excluded from it.

"The letter, mamma," then said Charlotte, lifting up her wistful, blushing face. "I should like to show it to you, but I am afraid that he would not quite like any one but me to see it"—here was the old, yet ever new, conflict of authority—how that of the parent wanes when "his" wishes are to be consulted.

"My child, I have no wish, no right even, to read Mr. Stanley's letter. A proud man unveils the innermost secrets of his heart to but one, and she ought to guard the trust with vigilance and with delicacy."

And then Charlotte went away to her own room to read that precious letter over and over, to fall into a long pleasant reverie, and then to rouse herself to the fact that she was still in her morning dress, and that by and by somebody was coming in whose eyes she wished, now and ever, to be most beautiful.

And she was beautiful when, at last, she went down dressed in soft, gleaming, blue silk and delicate laces, with her brown hair satin-smooth, and the faint flitting color in her cheek, and the gentle light of happiness in her eye. Even Mary observed it, and averred, in a tone that defied contradiction, that she had "the very loveliest sister in the whole world." And then silence fell upon the group.

Mary, the chatter-box, was the first to break it.

"Mamma," said she, "I wish I knew—do people ever send real love-letters—offers—real, serious ones, I mean, on Valentine's day?"

"I knew of one who did," replied the mother, with a strange smile upon her face.

"Who was it, mamma?" cried Mary, eagerly, while Charlotte started, but was reassured by a glance at her mother's face. "Oh, I see—it was papa—wasn't it? Tell us all about it, won't you, mamma, oh do!" and in a moment she was seated at her mother's feet, on the low stool she liked so well.

The mother looked down into the listening face, and smiled again, glanced anxiously at Charlotte, and began:

"I was just thinking of it, dears, that twenty years ago this day, I received my first and only Valentine, a real one—a plain, manly, sensible letter that changed the whole tenor of my life. I was not happy as a girl, as you have heard, my children. I had no pleasant home, no loving brothers and sisters, no kind parents. My father I do not remember, he died when I was still so young, and then my mother struggled on amidst poverty, and loneliness, and ill-health, till I was a little more than fourteen—not much older than Mary—when she, too, died, and I was left a destitute orphan with no hope or dependence except in the reluctant charities of the relations who had spurned my mother when she stooped, as they thought, to become my father's wife.

"To one of these, her only sister, my mother had written when she knew her death was near, beseeching her to extend to her orphan child the kindness she had denied herself—and had received a cold promise that I should not want. My aunt, Mrs. Seymour, arrived just after my mother's death, and remained until the funeral services were over. The next morning she carried me away with her to her home in a distant city. And there, for the next six years, I dragged out a weary, miserable existence, treated like a menial, denied a word of kindness, debarred from education or intercourse with my cousins, who were taught to look upon me with contempt. The only member of the household who ever addressed me kindly, was Horace Lansing. He was the son of my Uncle Seymour's first wife, and Uncle Seymour was his guardian. Thus, though Aunt Seymour detested him only less than me, he continued to reside in the family and was always treated with outward kindness, because he was heir of a large property, from which his guardian received a considerable amount yearly in payment of his expenses.

"Horace was nineteen when I first arrived at Uncle Seymour's, and was a student of Yale College, and, at that time, spending the long vacation at home. The next summer he graduated, and for a year or two more was established at home, being absent occasionally on journeys, but usually devoting himself to his legal studies. An occasional kind word from him while a member of the household, or a trifling gift, made all the sunshine of my dreary life.

"About three years after I arrived at Uncle Seymour's, Horace went away. He was completing his studies in New York, and afterwards entered into partnership with the firm of which he is now the principal member. You know, of course, girls, that I am speaking of your father. After that I only saw him at long intervals, when he made brief visits to his early home, and as I was no longer a child even in appearance, he ceased to notice me in his old half-teasing, half-affectionate manner, and always treated me with distant respect. But I was kept so busily employed, as a sort of maid for my cousins, two of whom are now in society, that I saw but very little of him during these visits. Only during one of these sojourns he was laid up for a week or two from a sprain, or something of that kind, and then, at evening, when Aunt Seymour and the girls were away, the younger children in bed, and my uncle dozing in the library, I used to go down to the little sitting-room where Horace lay upon the sofa, and read to him, or listen to his conversation, and pass a happy hour or two that went far to compensate me for the miseries of my lot.

"After this Horace wrote to me more and more frequently, and much of my small leisure was devoted to answering these letters, which, I can see now, were unconsciously educating both my mind and my heart. I was no longer wretched, though I do not know that I either hoped for, or expected any change in my lot. I was unconscious of any feeling but that of gratitude to Horace Lansing, until one morning I overheard a conversation between Aunt Seymour and the girls that rudely enlightened me.

"'Marry Cordelia, of course he will, he must!' my aunt was saying. 'Horace Lansing is an honorable man, and the attentions he has shown her can have but one meaning. I have no doubt he will propose the next time he comes.'

"'Well, I wish he would,' said Sarah, the second daughter, 'for I am tired of being kept in the background; as you insist I shall be till Cordelia is married. But Horace calls us his sisters, and treats us as such. I don't believe he ever thought of Cordelia as anything else. I should far sooner think he would propose to Alice, for he writes to her every week, and it is evident he cares more for her than any member of our family.'

"'Alice, indeed!' exclaimed my aunt and Cordelia together, in tones of indignation. 'I should as soon think of his proposing to the cook,' cried my aunt; 'and be cautious, Sarah, not to put any thoughts of that kind into the child's head. She's troublesome enough now, goodness knows, and she would be positively unbearable if she thought Horace Lansing intended proposing to her.'

"No such thought had ever had entrance to my mind; but now, on hearing the mother so confidently predict that he would become the husband of Cordelia, I first learned how dear he had become to me, and that the feelings I had cherished for him were not those of gratitude alone. I would not acknowledge that I had any hope; but, as the days and weeks wore on from that time, bringing me no more of those ever-welcome letters, I learned by the bitter disappointment I felt that I had cherished some. Of course I ceased to write. The sole pleasure of my life was gone, and I went on from day to day performing my duties mechanically and listlessly. And so the winter wore on. It was November, I think, when I overheard this conversation, and February had arrived without my having heard from Horace.

"It was on the 13th that he came home. I heard his voice, but did not meet him until late in the afternoon, his door opened as I was passing. I would have drawn back, but he stood before me so suddenly there was no time. He caught my hand and drew me toward the window that lighted the passage.

"'What does this mean, little one?' he said. 'Why are you looking so wan and spectral, and why have you not written to me in all these months?'

"Oh! Horace," I cried, striving to release my hands; but he held me fast, while his eyes demanded an answer. "I have not written because I have not had a letter from you since November."

"'Since November, are you sure?' Then, seeing that it was true, he dropped my hands, touched my head lightly with one of his, and said, almost gaily, 'I comprehend, but don't mind. I'll see that you've no more cause for complaint about letters. You shall have the very first one I write.'

"His gay tone chilled me, for it struck a chord that only thrilled with pain. But his promise made me happy. I did not see him again that day, nor the next. The next day the girls were laughing and wondering over their Valentines, and Sarah, affecting to pity me, asked me if I did not wish I could receive just one. Just then the bell rang, and Cordelia, who had been looking from the window, cried out that it was the postman, and that I must go to the door, for James had gone out on an errand for her. I went, and of the half-dozen letters received, that which lay upon the top was addressed to me in Horace Lansing's well-known hand. I slipped it into my pocket, and returned up stairs with such a radiant face that Cordelia averred, with a sneer, that I must have received a valentine, myself. I got out of the room without answering, and fled away to my attic. It was not until I had the letter in my hand that the thought occurred to me that it might have been written by the betrothed husband of Cordelia Seymour. I sat some time trembling, afraid to open it, but finally gathered courage to read its contents—the plain, direct words in which I was asked to become the wife of Horace Lansing—words that veiled the strength and tenderness of a love that has been, for all these years, the joy and blessing of my life.

"But I am making my story very long. Let me hasten. That evening I met Horace in the well-encumbered little sitting-room, and there Aunt Seymour found us when she returned home from the party, where she had expected to show off Horace as the betrothed of her daughter. She was beside herself with rage when she learned all; but Horace silenced her by informing her that he had discovered that she had prevented his letters from reaching me, and a calm followed the stormy scene. She insisted, however, that I should leave her house on the morrow.

"And on the morrow Horace brought his aunt, the sister of his mother, who had consented to afford me an asylum until our marriage should take place. With her I passed a few happy, busy weeks, and then Horace came and brought me home, to his dear home, where every day of my life since has been crowned with joys and blessings. My dears, did you hear the bell? I think your father has come home."

Bridget's heavy tramp was heard in the hall, the door opened, and cheerful voices sounded—Mr. Lansing's and another's. Charlotte clung to her mother trembling, and Mary was only restrained from rushing out to meet her father by the dread of encountering a stranger. The library door opened and closed with a clang, and presently Bridget put her head into the room.

"If ye plaze, Miss Charlotte, your papa is wishing to see ye in the library, and there's a strange gintleman there."

"Oh, mamma, must I go?"

"Go, my child, your father is there, and he loves you too well to ask you to do anything against your own wishes. He will stop with you, if you desire."

Apparently she did not desire, for, when Mr. Lansing met her at the library door, and kissed her cheek, and led her into the room, and placed her hand in that of the young man who had risen so eagerly to receive her, she made no opposition to his going away. And surely we have no right to intrude upon these lovers.

Meanwhile Bridget, beginning to light the gas and close the curtains, was saying to Mrs. Lansing:

"If ye' plaze, ma'am, I'm thinking, an no offence to ye, that Miss Charlotte's valentine is down stairs. A mighty purty man he is, ma'am, and maybe 'll be her husband some day. An' sure, ma'am, this is the blissid day entirely, for what did Patrick Murphy, the big polisman, do, the morn, but sind me a valentine. An' its all writ over, an' Miss Mary was a-readin' it to me, how he axed me to go to church wid him next Sunday, an', ma'am, do ye think will I?"

Before Mrs. Lansing could answer this speech, Mr. Lansing's step was heard upon the stairs. Suddenly Bridget unfurled the apron she had been busily rolling up, and threw it over her blazing face as she rushed out, narrowly escaping her master, as she made her way down the stairs.

Mr. Lansing approached his wife, and, stooping over her chair, kissed her fair brow. She put her hand in his, and drew him down by her side. Mary had stolen out to question Bridget, and they were alone.

"Oh, Horace!" said Mrs. Lansing, "do you remember twenty years ago this day—when you were my valentine, and I first knew you loved me? And now we are giving our darling to another."

"Yes, dear, we give her to George Stanley, a true, worthy youth. If they love each other, as we did, they can only be happy thus, and we would only seek our child's happiness. Are you content, dear wife?" A glance at the calm, radiant face assured him that then, as ever, her thoughts were as his thoughts. He drew her closer in his embrace, and as the dear head rested upon his shoulder, murmured, "Good wife, good mother, best friend!"

There was a moment's silence, full of happy thoughts, and then very softly the husband, whose love had known no waning in that score of happy years, repeated the lines of Tennyson:

"Look through mine eyes with thine, true wife,
Round my true heart thine arms entwine;
My other, dearer life in life,
Look through my very soul with thine!"

"My wife, my life! O we will walk this world,
Yoked in all exercise of noble aim,
And so through those dark gates across the wild
That no man knows."

A TAME BUTTERFLY.

One cold, bleak November morning, when the sky and all nature wore the sullen, desponding look so peculiar to our climate at this season, a lady, who, for the first time, had risen from a bed of sickness, went into an adjoining apartment, where she perceived a gay and beautiful butterfly in the window. Astonished at finding this creature of flowers and sunshine in so uncongenial a situation, she watched his movements and operations. As the sun came out for a bright, brief space, it fluttered joyously about the window, and imparted to the sick room an air of cheerfulness and hope. Towards evening, however, the tiny creature drooped its wings; the lady then placed it in a glass tumbler on the mantel-piece. During the night a hard frost came on, and the room was in consequence very cold. In the morning the butterfly lay in the bottom of the tumbler, apparently dead. The invalid, grieved that her gentle companion of the previous day should so soon perish, made some effort to restore its fragile existence. She put it on her own warm hand, and breathing upon it, perceived it gave signs of returning animation; she then once more placed it in the glass house on the rug before the fire. Soon the elegant little insect spread out its many-colored wings, and flew to the window, where the sun was shining brightly. By-and-by the sun retired, and the window-panes getting cold, the creature sank down on the carpet again, apparently lifeless. The same means were used to restore animation, and with the same success. This alternation of life and death went on for many days, till at last the grateful little thing became quite tame, and seemed to be acquainted with its benefactress. When she went to the window, and held out her finger, it would, of its accord, hop upon it; sometimes it would settle for an hour at a time upon her hand or neck when she was reading or writing. Its food consisted of honey; a drop of which the lady would put upon her hand, when the butterfly would uncurl its sucker, and gradually sip it up; then it usually sipped a drop of water in the same way. The feeding only took place once in three or four days. In this manner its existence was prolonged through the whole winter and part of the following spring. As it approached the end of its career, its wings became quite transparent, and its spirits apparently dejected. It would rest quietly in its "crystal palace" even when the sun was wooing it to come out, and, at last, one morning in April, it was found dead—quite dead.

"NO. 1549—$750."

We were riding in a Third avenue car a few days since, when a lady got in. Though young, there was nothing very prepossessing about her appearance, nor would our attention have been attracted to our *vis-a-vis*, but for the fact that she wore a shawl, on the front edge of which was sewn a broad linen label, some six inches long, on which was printed in inch figures the importer's mark, "No. 1549—$750." There could be no plea for the fair wearer on the score of having forgotten to remove it, as was the case with the lady of an American minister to London, some years since, who walked out of a store with the ticket appended to the article she wore, "this style fifty guineas"—for the shawl was carefully folded so that every one should be able to read the label, which ever and anon she complacently regarded. We expect next to see the price of every article of a fashionable lady's toilet affixed, so that every swain may know the cost of "getting up" the fair creature—as "this cloak $150," "this Paris hat $30," "this moire antique $300," culminating, we hope, with a label for the lady herself, "This living doll, a great bargain, at twenty thousand dollars." We pity the victim of that seven-hundred-and-fifty-dollar shawl, for he is undoubtedly mated with a weak, vain and foolish woman.—*Wilkes' Spirit of the Times.*

—With a true wife a husband's faults should be sacred. A woman forgets what is due to herself when she condescends to that refuge of weakness—a female *confidante*. A wife's bosom should be the tomb of her husband's failings, and his character far more valuable in her estimation than his life. If this be not the case, she pollutes her marriage vow.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

It is not to be supposed that the Devil would give half as much for the services of a sinner as he would for those of one of the folks that are always doing virtuous acts in a way to make them unpleasing.

The earth is a great factory-wheel, which, at every revolution on its axis, receives fifty thousand raw souls and turns off nearly the same number worked up more or less completely.

We have all seen the tragedy of imprudent genius, struggling for years with paltry pecuniary difficulties, at last sinking, chilled, exhausted, and fruitless, like a giant slaughtered by pins.

We weep, to acquire the reputation of tenderness; we weep, in order to be pitied; we weep that we may be wept over; we even weep to avoid the scandal of not weeping.

Virtue finds its securest home among the sons of poverty and toil, as a green and blooming spot is safest from violation when shut in by the unsightly and rugged rocks.

Amidst society the Christian avows his faith; in solitude he feels it. Upon the plains and in the valleys he believes; in the mountains he sees.

A tyrant cannot well bind one end of a chain around the arms or legs of a people without finding the other around his own neck.

Even a reprobate's son is likely to pay due regard to the will of his parents if it makes him the heir of their property.

The earth is an example of forgiveness, for to him who wounds and lacerates her gentle bosom she yields her greatest treasures.

Some philanthropists are so bitterly fanatical against hanging that they would gibbit all who are in favor of it.

We have seen a couple of sisters who had to be told everything together, for they were so much alike they couldn't be told apart.

The religious persecutor abominates the smell of a raw heretic, but greatly enjoys the odor of a roasted one.

There is frozen music in many a heart that the beams of encouragement would melt into glorious song.

He who asked the daughter's hand and got the father's foot, had the consolation of knowing that his wooing was not bootless.

It is very unskillful flattery to tell a man that he isn't half so big a fool as the world thinks him.

When we say of some men that they are self-made, we do so out of respect to our Maker.

At some taverns you have to pay cash for your victuals, but are furnished with vermin on *tick*.

Every hungry fellow is willing to be a martyr when he has a chance at the steak.

The great truths that are brought to light are new and old at their birth.

It has been discovered that asthmatic persons die for the want of breath.

The head of a pure old man, like a mountain-top, whitens as it gets nearer to heaven.

The coquette pursues her lover, and makes him think he is pursuing her.

The highest degree of cunning is a pretended blindness to snares which we know are laid for us.

The objects we most passionately desire are generally those that we know least about.

Very old nothings are apt to please very old fools.

Many a fast young man has knocked a cordwainer out of his boots.

A widow, whose lands supply rich grazing for a thousand cattle, is an attractive grass widow.

No two words more distinctly express cause and consequences than—gin and bitters.

Sailors are never so lively as when they are in the shrouds.

The things, that are really for us, naturally gravitate to us.

CURRENT ITEMS

A little girl, about five years of age, whose parents live in Avenue B, was burnt to death, in a shocking manner, one day recently. The child was left alone in a room in which there was an open grate with a fire in it, and it is supposed that while playing around, she stumbled and fell upon the grate, whereby her clothes were set on fire. She screamed and ran into the street, with the flames streaming above her head, but soon fell to the pavement, surrounded by a horrified crowd, some of whom at once took steps to extinguish the fire; but the poor child had been burnt so badly that she died before she could be carried back into the house.

Honorah Lawler, a servant-girl living in South Brooklyn, was burned to death, the other evening, by her clothes taking fire at the range in the kitchen, at which she was at work. She became so frightened when she discovered that her clothes were on fire, that she ran screaming up to her room, which was in the third story, and then ran screaming down again, by which time her clothes were one mass of flame and rescue had become impossible.

Several young men from Connecticut, who had come to town to "see the sights and stir up the animals," as one of them expressed it, were inveigled into a place in Broadway where there are sights to be seen and animals to be stirred up which are not met with in reputable places, and made to pay so roundly for the entertainment that they complained to the police and got some of their money back.

A skittish horse, attached to a buggy, in which a lady was seated, ran away in Broadway, one morning not long since, and dashing hither and thither among the vehicles, at last slipped and fell upon the pavement, upsetting the buggy, and hurling the lady against the wheel of an omnibus, whereby she was hurt so seriously, that it was thought doubtful if she would ever recover from her injuries.

A man fell from the fourth-story window of a house, in Twenty-first street, one day recently, and was injured so badly, that he died in the course of a few hours. Although he struck on his head, there was no sign of external injury, which was accounted for by the fact that he struck on a soft spot of earth; but it was found on a post-mortem examination that the brain had been fatally injured.

A little boy, about two years old, whose parents live in Williamsburgh, was playing with a tumbler, one evening not long since, which he dropped and broke, and then began to stamp upon it with his bare feet, whereby he stuck a piece of the broken glass into his heel, and inflicted such a wound that he was soon after seized with lockjaw, and died in the course of the night.

A widow woman, living in Williamsburg, was burnt so badly one evening lately, from the bursting of a fluid lamp which she was trying to fill while it was lighted, that she was not expected to live. A portion of the blazing fluid was thrown into her eyes, which were so much injured that she would probably be forever blind should she otherwise recover from the effects of the accident.

A couple of men got into a quarrel on top of an omnibus in Broadway, one day recently, and proceeding from words to blows they got tangled up and rolled off the omnibus, and coming down promiscuously on the pavement, they were both hurt so badly as to be unable to continue the fight. One had to be carried home, and the other had much difficulty in making his way alone.

A number of unruly boys insulted a couple of ladies in Fourteenth street, one day lately, and a gentleman, who attempted to discipline them for it, was attacked by them with clubs and stones, and seriously injured, and would probably have been hurt still worse, had not the young wretches seen a policeman coming, by whose appearance they were frightened off.

A woman, carrying a large box, was knocked down and run over in Broadway by an omnibus, one day lately, and the wheels passing over one of her arms crushed it and ground it so that it only held by the skin. The woman was taken up insensible and carried to the hospital.

Three or four ruffians attacked a gentleman as he was passing along the New Bowery, one evening lately, and beat him so badly that he had to be carried to the hospital; but he gave two of the ruffians severe wounds with a sword-cane which he carried, before they [illegible].

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

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ROBERT BONNER, Sixteen and Publisher.

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We would ask the Letters as the contents of the year. If any one wishes to send in a paid, as time of year work in commence, it will be received. Please send in your names as early as possible, before the busy engrossing.

To Travelling Agents.—We employ no travelling agents to any extent, preferring to act as such for us, you had just as well throw down as a sticker.

We cannot change the address of a subscriber, unless he gives us the POST OFFICE to which he has been sending.

Remitting Municipalities.—We will not return rejected manuscripts.

THE ROMAN EMPERORS.—No. 5.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

CALIGULA AND HIS DOG AND CAT.

Our Saviour was crucified the eighteenth year of the reign of Tiberius Cæsar. Pontius Pilate was at this time the Roman governor of Judea. It is related by Justin, Tertullian and others, that Pilate wrote to the Emperor Tiberius an account of the crucifixion of our Saviour, his resurrection and his ascension, and that Tiberius was so impressed by the narrative, that he recommended that Christ should have a niche among the Roman Gods. All the more ancient edition of the dying Tiberius, Caligula, grasping the sceptre of the world's empire, assumed the most arrogant airs, demanding of his subjects divine honors. His conduct became so extravagant that it is difficult to account for it under any other explanation than that of insanity. He erected a temple, and placed in it an image of himself which the people were compelled to worship. The most costly sacrifices were daily offered at that idolatrous shrine. With the most imposing sacerdotal rites, he ordained his wife and his favorite horse to officiate in the idolatrous worship. His baths were composed of the most costly liquids; while jewels were dissolved in his sauces, simply to render them more rapidly expensive. His princely house contained a marble stable with an ivory manger; gilt oats were furnished to the steed, and bran from a golden pail.

The utmost folly was even surpassed by the cruelty of the tyrant. Senators were wantonly slain sometimes at the table, and by torture was the doom of any one who honored his suspicion. He fed his wild beasts with the flesh of men, and thus, throwing them into the dens of half-famished lions and tigers to be devoured, until the love of cruelty became his crowning passion. Nothing gave him so much pleasure as to witness the sufferings of others. He not unfrequently witnessed the wish that the whole Roman people had but one neck, that he might sever it with one blow of his sword. Indeed if one-half that is recorded of Caligula, by apparently unimpeachable witnesses, is true, there never was an inmate of a mad-house more ignominiously crazy.

For such a monster there were many cups poisoned and many daggers sharpened in Rome. The slightest suspicion doomed any one to death, and no one could be long in his household without incurring suspicion. An extensive conspiracy was formed in the court, to take his life of one whose continued existence endangered the lives of all around him. There was a lady of noble rank, women in the palace by the name of Quintilia. The king, ever regarding some one as his friend, had put her to the most awful tortures of the rack, to extort a confession. Horribly she endured the utmost anguish with which human nerves can thrill. This terrible scene, witnessed in the palace, inspired all with the energies of despair. No one knew who was next to be sacrificed upon that dreadful wheel. A Roman tribune, Cassius by name, who had once plunged a dagger to the hilt in the heart of Caligula, exclaiming, "Tyrant, think of this!" was there, was well aimed, and Caligula fell dead. He was then but twenty-nine years old, and had reigned only four years.

This assassination was the spasmodic movement of agony and despair. There had been but little concert and no arrangement had been made for a successor. A strange scene of confusion, anxiety and terror ensued. Some conspirators, not knowing what destruction, like an avalanche, might fall upon them, fled in all directions. The palace was instantly deserted, for the soldiers in consternation dispersed, fearing that they might encounter the same doom which had befallen their master, and took to flight. A band of soldiers, straggling through the deserted halls of the palace, found lad in a closet, and trembling like an aspen leaf in the winds of Circ and Gaul. Claudius. He was an imbecile old man, fifty years of age, and had ever been held in idiotic from a disease which affected his brain in early childhood. His mental imbecility had not however weakened the power of his limbs, or shielded him from the most acute sensibility.

The curious soldiers, in a sort of drunken brawl, took the old man and declared that he should be their king. The senate, overawed by the Praetorian troops, shrunk from the responsibility of having been the world's enemy, and, with the assistance of an incomplete, openly bewildered by Claudius took the reins of government, another wrinkled woman of the court, Agrippina, as his wife. He was already the mother of a boy by the name of Nero,—that Nero whose crimes have blackened the page of history. She was the fourth wife of Claudius, he having already killed one and divorced two.

The possession of unlimited power soon developed in Claudius the malignity and the energy of a fiend. Great Britain was then an almost unknown island, inhabited by savage tribes, who were ferociously warring against each other. It had been occasionally visited by the Roman soldiers. Claudius dispatched an army to conquer the island. The Roman legions traversed Gaul, and crossing the channel, after many sanguinary battles, brought the natives under the sway of the eagles of the empire. Claudius, greatly elated by the success, repaired in person to Britain that he might receive the homage of his new subjects. This was A. D. 48. He made a short visit of but sixteen days, and returned to Rome to enjoy a magnificent triumph which he had ordered. There were still many battles to be fought before the hardy islanders were thoroughly subdued. After they submitted, which in the year 51, became a permanent province of the Roman Empire. But there were also two tribes, in their remote fastnesses, who for years bade defiance to the invaders, keeping the armies of Rome incessantly employed. Many fierce battles were fought, and no subsequently the Roman soldiers bit the dust, beaten down by the clubs of the sturdy islanders. The agents of Rome were, however, too strong to be long held at bay by any amount of barbarian valor. Caractacus, King of South Wales, was one of the most valiant and successful of the barbarian chieftains. He was at length taken captive, after a bloody resistance, and, with his wife and daughter, was sent to Rome. When he beheld the wealth, splendor and power of the imperial capital, so far surpassing any thing his imagination had conceived of, he exclaimed,

"How is it possible that people, in the enjoyment of such magnificence, should envy their captains a humble cottage in Britain."

Agrippina was as bad as her feeble capacity allowed her to be. Husband and wife soon hated each other cordially. One day Claudius, who was intoxicated, said that it was his fate to be twice betrayed, and to be twice wived, and to be their executioner. The hint was sufficient for Agrippina. There was but one alternative before her. She must either kill Nero, or kill Claudius, who was very fond of mushrooms. Agrippina assiduously became wonderfully docile and obedient. With her own loving hands she prepared a dish of mushrooms for her dear husband. She sprinkled some poison upon the delicious viands. With smiles and caresses she presented the repast to Claudius. He ate, was thrown into convulsions, fell upon the floor and died. Agrippina was delighted, and so was all Rome. She had a son, and was manifestly entitled to the throne. He was then seventeen years of age. Bad as his mother was, Nero, at this time, was even more ridiculously vicious. He was well educated, and had generally evinced a desire to improve his position. The mother determined to place this boy, who had no recognized father, upon the throne.

THE PENNIES—WHERE ARE THEY!

The Mexican dollar is the coin that is about the two hundred and twentieth part of a dollar. In other words, "sixties" although it represents the one hundred part of a dollar, is only one cent, and about four cents. The copper cent, called Indian, is about the size of the eighth milla. Neither coin can be profitably exported, for the cost of coinage and transportation, and the public is much inconvenienced by their scarcity. Of course this scarcity is due to the result of rascally speculation. There is no big profit in coining, the operation being magnitude a conventional respectability, and the little nickel and copper coins are subjected to these designs. The "large operators," who keep the secret about the mint, are not to be blamed, but in what obscure hound the penny factors have to conveyed to be known. If the Mint

Mint would be determined it were a speedy remedy for the present difficulty. Let the Mint coin all the silver and copper it can, and withdraw nearly from their duty proceedings, and would go at them with a will. Right and wrong question, however, the "copper" hoarders will be obliged to disgorge. Let the Mint coin the sedolia has been for some time past turning out "nickels" at the rate of three millions and three thousand dollars worth per day, and they will soon drive the "coppers" out of sight and pay the premium demanded by the small Shylocks. The inconvenience would be but of short duration. Bear it patiently for the sake of clearing the tables of the money changers, restore not to their satisfaction, but to their chagrin and discomfort, that puny wisdom may be pound foolishness.

THE VALUE OF A BRIGADIER.

The following paragraph, which has been going the rounds of the press, will be read with interest by general in the services: is to be understood that the paragraph is true:

"President Lincoln, when informed that Gen. Sherman was dead, replied that he had not heard of it, but he regretted to have said that he did not mind the loss of the brigadier as much as he did the loss of the horse. He said he, 'I can make a much better brigadier in five minutes, but a horse like Sherman's cannot be raised in a hundred years.'"

There is, or used to be, a rather celebrated book known as "Sinclair's Pronouncing," a synonymous of the favor of which forced itself upon us as we took the shore. Nevertheless, as an office to the bitter, there is no book like it for us, and here it is. Let some of our sense of the word be given to it. Let us see how many of our readers can pronounce it correctly. Let us capture Humphrey Marshall, who is the Short'ner of the south. Then having captured him, let us use of our Stonghton, seeing that the rebel brand-iron is about ticket his age and four times his weight.

PUT THAT AND THAT TOGETHER.

We are informed that Mr. Seward is very well with last, in one and the same paragraph, that "The Emperor could not be induced to sign the 60 pounds of beef," and that "The mortality will be more than 60 pounds of beef" each week.

There is a very suspicious association in these statements between the ox and the horse; and yet it is not well for us to be over particular in our inquiries as to the real origin of our food and drink. "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis the best slogan," "the folly to be wise." The philosopher who knows what is in the sausage he eats, and in the cocktail he drinks, is the Short'ner of the stomach. His mental imbecility had not however weakened the power of his limbs, or shielded him from the most acute sensibility.

MONOPOLIZING LUXURIES.

Nothing is more easy than to pluck the Public Goose. As it stinks it feathers comfortably into the hands of speculators. The people have only to be of one mind to overthrow almost all monopolies of the luxuries of life, and to bring down the prices of articles now being reserved their expense upon most of its staples; but they make no effort to defend themselves against exaction. Suppose the hats were to put down their prices to $1 each, and to say no more of Alexander's, or Leavitt's, glove at $4, and Gossip at $5, and there would be no pleasure of wearing the dirty babies until they are stifled at a reasonable price. To control these delicate manufactures of hat or cat-skin (which is it?) would at once become a drug in the market, and the monopolists would be glad to sell them at a premium of instead of 75 per cent. on cost. Diamonds also are now reaped from the rich and fashionable section, for which others equally useful might be substituted at a saving to consumers of from 90 to 99 per cent.; and many communities with the world would be better without being asked. Fabulous prices, simply because people have set aloof enough to sacrifice their artificial appetites and pernicious habits to their true interests. Tobacco is among the gems of monopolizing, wife we favor and encourage it by paying the price, and by the use of it in some shape, it is true, which the community may well do, and it is supply of any one of their articles should be concentrated in a few unscrupulous hands. One day Congress will have to accord the "higher sin" of the strong hand. Then it will be the duty of every law-abiding citizen to resist the first assault, and thereby to secure the blessings of peace ever afterwards. There was but one alternative before her. She must either kill Nero, or kill Claudius, who was very fond of mushrooms. Agrippina assiduously became wonderfully docile and obedient. With her own loving hands she prepared a dish of mushrooms for her dear husband. She sprinkled some poison upon the delicious viands. With smiles and caresses she presented the repast to Claudius. He ate, was thrown into convulsions, fell upon the floor and died. Agrippina was delighted, and so was all Rome. She had a son, and was manifestly entitled to the throne. He was then seventeen years of age. Bad as his mother was, Nero, at this time, was even more ridiculously vicious. He was well educated, and had generally evinced a desire to improve his position. The mother determined to place this boy, who had no recognized father, upon the throne.

THE BLIND.

People who see, hear and speak, differ in opinion as to whether the blind are to be pitied or not in the heavier misfortune. Deaf mutes have, however, that, the terrifying principle apart from condition can be ameliorated to a much greater degree than the blind. Those who are deaf and their fingers the sense of all articulate sounds, and with it the power to speak. So far as education is concerned, serve the purposes of ears. Whoever can read, can hear. The blind cannot read. Their access to the deaf and dumb book, in literature is closed, with almost no key. Hence the deaf are less of unfortunates than language as copies as the sense of hearing, and the blind are those to which it represents. But how shall we convey to the blind person who has never seen light, any true idea of the beauty and grandeur of the blue sky and sparkling stars? Impossible. Even the senses left to him to say sometimes make him more miserable, and so the one deprived of the sense of hearing, and the other of that of sight, are both to be envied. If the blind could but see, they would be happy. If the deaf could but hear, they would be happy. Both are equally unfortunate, and both are equally happy.

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The following paragraph, which has been going the rounds of the press, will be read with interest by general in the services: is to be understood that the paragraph is true:

"President Lincoln, when informed that Gen. Sherman was dead, replied that he had not heard of it, but he regretted to have said that he did not mind the loss of the brigadier as much as he did the loss of the horse. He said he, 'I can make a much better brigadier in five minutes, but a horse like Sherman's cannot be raised in a hundred years.'"

There is, or used to be, a rather celebrated book known as "Sinclair's Pronouncing," a synonymous of the favor of which forced itself upon us as we took the shore. Nevertheless, as an office to the bitter, there is no book like it for us, and here it is. Let some of our sense of the word be given to it. Let us see how many of our readers can pronounce it correctly. Let us capture Humphrey Marshall, who is the Short'ner of the south. Then having captured him, let us use of our Stonghton, seeing that the rebel brand-iron is about ticket his age and four times his weight.

PUT THAT AND THAT TOGETHER.

We are informed that Mr. Seward is very well with last, in one and the same paragraph, that "The Emperor could not be induced to sign the 60 pounds of beef," and that "The mortality will be more than 60 pounds of beef" each week.

There is a very suspicious association in these statements between the ox and the horse; and yet it is not well for us to be over particular in our inquiries as to the real origin of our food and drink. "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis the best slogan," "the folly to be wise." The philosopher who knows what is in the sausage he eats, and in the cocktail he drinks, is the Short'ner of the stomach. His mental imbecility had not however weakened the power of his limbs, or shielded him from the most acute sensibility.

WORSE THAN PUNIC PERFIDY.

The Carthaginians, during the era of the Punic wars, repeatedly violated their solemn engagements with Rome, and hence the term of Punic Faith" became a synonym for hypocrisy and treachery, and so remains to this day. Let the people now be exempted from the vocabulary, and "British Faith" be written down in its stead. Carthage was the humiliation of Rome. It had suffered great wrongs at the hands of Hannibal and Carthage, and no parallel can be drawn between the faithlessness of Carthage to the treaties with its hospitality, and the faithlessness of Great Britain to the professions of friendship which she has made and is still making to the government of the United States. In the wars between this country and England the injustice was all on the British side; but we forgave—almost forgot it. We remembered that we were of the same blood and race as our sometime enemy, and the Tongue Nation grasped the hand of the Elder with an honest, earnest grip in token of mutual fellowship and good-will. What the Alabama did for the Seeker, in the day of Famine and Distress, is a bright page in our history. What the Sender is now doing to aggravate the misfortunes of the South and to prevent her upon the prosperity through all coming time. Great Britain is, indeed, worse than our worse to be the interests of Rebellion. Not open war—that were manly—but secret, back-stabbing war. Amid their professions of neutrality, and then read the Queen's proclamation of war, they are in the British ports to destroy our commerce and small to sell to the Confederates. Nothing can exceed the utter baseness of this unfriendly act upon this astounding discrepancy between acts and professions.

NEWSPAPER INFLUENCE.

We know people who sneer at newspaper influence. They are those who, in their ignorance, who, in fact, assert that persons to whose favor newspapers speak are injured by what is termed "puffery," but *thank* called a puff cannot sell. Like canon, just published, goes to show that Mr. Seward has made a ten-thousand dollars 600,000 copies of newspapers every year. This is a most remarkable and great evidence of the paper manufacturer, frightens the most extensive dealer of printers' ink, and every destiny to the heart of the freshest and most energetic proprietor. Yet it is, nevertheless, true. Nothing is to be astonished at. Newspapers are a part of modern civilization. Without them we should do very little—*nothing at all* worth recording. Our social existence what rain and sunshine are to the vegetable, the fertilizing principle apart from which the whole republican fabric would crumble to dust. Hence the vast number of sheets of paper to choose from every year, it is somewhat of a puzzle to know what is the best business to engage in for the want of making it known. But there is a great variety of goods, and hence the reason. To our friends who desire to increase their business we would say, advertise—advertise *extensively*. We do not say so for the sake of increasing our own business. We do it for the reason. To our friends who desire to increase their business we would say, advertise—advertise *extensively*. We do not say so for the sake of increasing our own business. We do it for the reason, as our readers are aware, we do not publish any advertisements in our columns. We have been offered fifty dollars a line, from a merchant of the highest respectability, for a single advertisement, but we declined the proposition, as we have no space in our copies to reading matter.

AGENTS.

Among the casualties to which the present high price of paper is subject, is a very material to the value of that kind of ill omen, the paper silk. Many a fine lady has found her dress ruined by a single shower of liquid, which in all our memory used to be only seen in the form of everywhere with aerial visitors on a string." Now it is placed and blinded, and the boys in the city had gone into the army as musicians. What a cultural tax for our own boyhood's days, when gold was at par, and paper was a thing unknown, except in the form of a bite! Through the street in which we were born there used to travel wires and the only bits of the season that we have seen in the shape of paper silk have been those that fall at a dizzy height. Crowds of young people have been spun out into the air, which have evidently been laid for its reuse, but none of them have yet been caught. Perhaps the fact that this very moment a darling rag-picker has made a rich haul of the wires by affixing his hook to a long pole. How gaily he feels along the wire! How he pulls and tugs at it! Will it come in? No-he hasn't! Yes he has! There it is, safely landed in the bag! Now he has it! Now he has link to broken," as the song says. And now he has nothing but a bag full of old iron, and half the spoils from the successful rag-picker, and he breaks in looking on. Such is life!

WEIGH THE MEANING OF YOUR WORDS.

Adjectives are to nouns what pepper, salt, mustard, vinegar, sugar, molasses, butter and spices are to meats and fish. A little of each is good to moderation and when appropriately applied; but when language is overcrowded with them, or they are hastily used, the dish of words is spoiled. Many persons, in their haste to write up their speeches and writings with preposterous adjectives, lose the force of a vigorous style. Substitute with a heap of unsuitable perfume, as a dish of meat is spoiled by a profusion of spices or a beefsteak with an avalanche of onions. There is no set an unnecessary thing to lose one's power as "elegant weather," "awful thing," "perfect gentleman," "splendid woman," "fine looking chicken," "beautiful necklace," "villainous smelling (disagreeable) cologne," "delicious potatoes," &c., &c. It is a great thing always to weigh the meaning of your words. Words are things. Weigh their meaning before you use them.

BUTTER IS SOAR.

The word "soap" has long since been adopted into our vocabulary as a slang term for money, but, according to the Boston papers, that expressive word is now going to stand for investments in the name for goods purchased by him at the Bowery. That the old question, "Have you oil for soap?" will probably soon be changed to "Have you soap for oil?" is certain. We have not yet heard whether Mr. Stewart has engaged any specific designation for his new speak, but we would take the liberty of suggesting that the name of a well-known African chief, the Cor-ee, would be very appropriate for the currency in question.

"MY TRACT."

When that sweet and excellent Christian, Thomas Hood, was suffering from a complication of diseases which a few years afterwards destroyed him, he was visited by one of those self-righteous persons who mistakenly assume that all whose feet are not guided by their dark lanterns are necessarily following at wide *fellow* along the broad way that leads to destruction. This cheerful individual, a lady who, had she been contemporary with the Founder of Christianity preached the Gospel of Love, would assuredly have joined the Pharisees in crucifying against His Sabbath-day walk in the harvest fields of Judea, thus commenced: "Mr. Hood, I have would put on his soul in his dying hour;" thereby indicating that "Ignorance is bliss" on earth and "a condition precedent," as the lawyers say, to the enjoyment of Heaven. Read our reward her in a letter entitled "My Tract," which deserves to live as long as the language in which it was written lasts, as a standing reproof to Cant and Intolerance.

Society is a complicated, and the cause of true Religion injured, by sour-faced females, who would impose upon us, for the genial and kindly Christianity of the New Testament, a repulsive system of theology based upon the tenets of precepts and practices. There be some upon whom the first day and religion appears to have the same effect that excessive potations have upon the drunkard. They are the victims of odious tenets. They are haunted, it would seem, by hideous phantasms, which they delight to see as a sort of democratic police to frighten people away from the delightful pleasures that flow from harmless recreation. Mirth is in their eyes tantamount to sin, and a laugh a thing to be reported of to sackcloth and ashes. Forgetful that in the Bible we are told that there is a time to laugh, the most playful of creatures, they would have us to be solemn as owls and gentlemen as dull and insupportable. They are the Robespierres of Theology, and would have the reign of Righteousness a reign of Terror.

THE SONG OF GOLD.

Here I go up, up, up,
And there I go down, down, down,
And here I go round and round
Till many a goose is done brown.

I'm bought, I'm sold,
Till the man who is coin, coax, coaxing,
Has my jingle, jingle, jingle,
And drole down on the down, down, drowning.

THE DIFFERENCE.

There are persons, in listening, with natures, which chrisk away from the first hint of pain, with a strong strength to the very moment of those who suffer, even though the latter may have the most earnest desire to conceal from their consideration and sympathy. Alas! what would be the world were it not for the many kind souls were all time determined to bridge themselves in from the sorrows of their fellows! Not to this heavily; were friends only to be friendly while all was sunshine, and to desert us when clouded with laughter; were the suffering to be shunned as a pest, and to mourn the bereaved with pleasure-loving selfishness persuades itself that non selfishness is the rule. Not so. Our world is in contrast with such sounds the tender sympathetic words of the true-hearted to whom misfortune comes

SONNET.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"Return, Oh Lord! how long?"—And yet it repeats Thee, enamelled Thy messages.—Psalm xc.

Return, oh Lord! to our forsaken Land,
That mourneth o'er her many children dead,
By wars and waves—they lie by storms and stroud,
Earth o'er their breast, and ashes to their head.

The sweep of sea, who made her heaving mould,
Young tempbs bound with Leviathan's diadem;
Clear winds proclaim for the mass of exile,
Her brave, her beautiful—the mourns for them.

Beneath the sun-cone by the conqueror's tread,
From endless homes, and kneeling mothers gain,
From dale to mountain top, from surge to shore,
Upstech grief's unutterable wail.

Return, oh God! the walled love restore,
Purge our afflictions Lord, and let it sin no more!

THE LIFE-CURSE.

BY ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF "THE OCTAVE'S BRIDE," "THE WHITE TERROR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXII.

NAPOLEON AS A MATCH-MAKER.

On a bright day in autumn two ladies met together in a saloon at Malmaison, and conversed with that freedom which the etiquette of a court had not yet destroyed. The windows looked out on an enchanting park, with a stream of water flashing in the distance.

A bridge which spanned this stream was covered in and arranged like a tent, and in this retreat the conqueror of Europe often sat almost without attendants in the service of the nation he ruled.

A small private garden was attached to it, in which Napoleon walked when he felt the need of exercise, which here took great place for the flatters were matured.

The ladies to whom we have referred were both young and lovely. Madame Louis Bonaparte was then in the first bloom of youth, and certainly a fresher or fairer looking creature could scarcely have been found. Her figure was supple and delicately rounded; her head, from which flowed a profusion of blonde curls, was gracefully set upon her shoulders, and her arms, hands and feet were models of beauty. She was extremely shy, with such penetrating blue eyes, in which the soul of kindness dwelt, and a clear rose tint flattered on her transparent complexion as feeling or emotion were aroused.

Added to these attractions, she possessed a grace and suavity of manner which rendered her charming to all who approached her, for in Hortense Beauharnais was united the sensibility of the creole with the cultivation and vivacity of the polished Frenchwoman.

Her companion was entirely different in style. She was a lovely brunette, with large, dark, soft eyes, and hair of the same color, with an expression of peculiar thought upon her regular features which seemed scarcely natural to her sparkling spirit of beauty. Her figure was petite and stately, and the hand in which she held a rose might have served as a model to a sculptor.

"My dear Aglae," said Madame Louis, with vivacity, "I have set my heart upon seeing you well married. Why do you refuse the attentions of our young cousin, and add bold puppy to the list he has already?"

Aglae laughed.

"Oh, a grand and noble man: with courage that never falters, yet with a tenderness of heart that would lead him to help and soothe the humblest creature. His generosity and courtesy with his soul, for a man in a rough casket would not suit my fastidious taste."

"Well, for an ideal, you are not very reasonable. I believe that I can find you one with your visionary man."

"Indeed! Who can it possibly be? But since he is not a visionary man I have known the original of an ideal; in my infancy he came to me from a frightful peril, and to him I gave my childish heart. He is dead, and unless I can find his equal, I shall live and die as Aglae St. Aignan."

"Who then was this wonderful man?"

"He was known to us as M. Michel, though my father suspected that was not his true name. He entered the French army, and rose to fill by way to achieve distinction, when his life was cut short by an assassin. I was then but six years old, but I know nearly distinctly the scene. Yes, Madame, child as I was, I loved him for being the friend of my mother. I can still recall all the visitations and disgusts that beset us in the days of the Terror, throughout all our wanderings, I managed to preserve a portrait of him which was given to me by my mother, and from it I have had a miniature taken which I always wear next my heart."

"Sentimental child! Let me look at this keepsake. I want to see if the form to whom I wish to give up all of resemblance him."

"Do what do you allude, Madame?"

"Show me the picture, Mademoiselle, and then I will tell you."

With some reluctance Aglae drew forth a gold case, and touching a spring, it opened and revealed a head of singular power and nobility of outline. Hortense uttered an exclamation, and rapidly said:

"Why, Aglae, you have only been quizzing me. Do you already know General Ney?"

"Only by name. But why do you regard me so strangely? I have spoken the simple truth to you."

"And this picture, worn next your heart, is really not that of him? It is incredible, for the likeness is perfect. He is older now, and has a greater air of command, but what youthful dignation might have been taken for him!"

Aglae pressed her hand upon her heart, and eagerly asked:

"Who then is General Ney? What are his antecedents?"

"No one knows much of them, for like nearly all of our distinguished military men, he has risen by the force of his own genius, and it is not that his father lives in Save Louis, and is a respectable agriculturist there; but Ney has scarcely seen so far above his family that he can hold little intercourse with them—they have ceased to be his world."

"Yet the tie of blood is strong, Madame; it should never be broken. Your hero has a few in his escutcheon, which his resemblance to my hero will not induce me to overlook."

"My dear Aglae, we owe scenes the General of unkindness to his family. On the contrary, he is extremely fond toward them; but if you should become Madame Ney, I think you will be well contained that he shall give them money, in place of removing them from their true sphere and attempting to drag them upward with himself. They would only clog the wings of the Eagle, and prevent him from soaring to the height he is bound to gain. The First Consul already regards General Ney as his right hand, and his distinction will be too great for him if he pursues his career as he has commenced it."

"And you have really formed the design of bestowing my hand on this magnificent creature! Dear Madame Louis, what claim have I to such preferment?"

"You have youth, beauty and fortune; what more can ever General Ney ask in a wife than may choose?"

"But he may not choose a wife at all. I have heard that he is nearly forty, and still unmarried."

"I should scarcely believe him to be over thirty, and besides he is eminently handsome, with that air of distinction which stamps itself on men of a high order of gentility. The First Consul wishes his Generals to marry, and with their wives form a sort of court around himself. He has signified this desire to General Ney, and—shall I tell you his reply?"

"Mademoiselle St. Aignan consigned color, and looked uneasy. Something said:

"Pray do so, if I am interested in it."

"You are more deeply interested in it than any one else, for he said that among the beauties of the court he would select a wife for him. That one was Mademoiselle St. Aignan; and if she could be induced to accept his devotion, he might think of marrying."

Aglae listened in astonishment.

"General Ney can never have seen me, I am sure. If we had ever met, I must have remembered him from the remembrance you say he bears to this picture. It is very strange that he should have selected one so entirely a stranger to him."

"He has seen you at the theatre. He was present on the night the First Consul's life was in such imminent danger; he remarked your bearing on that occasion, and came to the conclusion that you would make a fitting wife for a hero like

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

posed death nearly cost the poor child her own life, for she was ill for months after the news arrived. I believe the picture her mother painted of you has been the shrine of her devotions ever since. In all our vicissitudes she managed to preserve it, and it still hangs in her chamber."

Ney listened with rapture. He said:

"Ah! how sweet is this new hope that dawns on my weary and broken life. In my youth I loved with desperation a woman who crushed my self-respect—who trampled on my bleeding heart, and inflicted on me the most exquisite torture. The sweet voice of the child I saved first awoke me from the torpor of despair, and I loved her as the messenger of peace and hope. I have cherished her in my soul as its good angel; I scarcely hoped to meet her again; but a few weeks ago I saw her at the theatre. I felt attracted by her, I could not tell why, for, lovely as she is, there were others as fair around her. I enquired her name, and then I knew that Fate had led me to her presence again. The past love is buried, M. St. Angean, and your daughter is now the only woman on earth that I would willingly marry. I will endeavor to make her happy, if I am so fortunate as to gain her affections."

"I feel assured of that, my dear General; and now shall we join the ladies?"

"If you please."

"Is it your wish to maintain your incognito toward them?"

"For a season, at least. If I succeed with Aglae, you can communicate to them the secret I have confided to you. If she refuses me, it will be useless to reveal my identity."

"Ah! the knowledge of that will almost ensure your success."

"It may be so; but I wish to see if Aglae is gifted with your penetration. The eye of love should be at least as searching as that of friendship."

"She will detect you, be sure of that; for now I look at you closely, hear your voice, I can see only the Michel of former days. You are many years older; but they have passed lightly over you, and you are handsomer than in your early youth."

"Ah, that is a consoling assurance to a man who aspires to become a bridegroom. Let us seek the ladies. The glimpse I had of Aglaë this morning only increases my desire to see more of her."

"You have seen her, then?"

"Are you not aware that the First Consul presented me to her this morning at Malmaison?"

"And the sly gipsy said nothing of it to me, although I told her at dinner that you would call this evening. There is something unusual in this, for Aglaë is ordinarily as frank as a child, and speaks of what interests her without reserve. Come at once, for I am curious to see the meeting between you."

M. St. Angeau led the way to the drawing-room, in which he found his wife and daughter. Aglaë was playing on the harp, but she turned with perfect self-possession to greet the vistor. Madame St. Angeau, prepared for the resemblance between Ney and their former friend, betrayed no emotion, and M. St. Angeau was disappointed in the effect he expected their entrance to produce.

Aglae seemed to awake to new and more vivid life in the presence of this stranger, for her parents had never before seen her so brilliant and fascinating as on this evening. She seemed inspired with eloquence, and when she sang, at Ney's request, her pure voice sounded as the echo of a happy spirit suddenly released from doubts and fears that had long oppressed it. He listened as one entranced, and as her hand fell from the harp-strings, he took it in his own and earnestly said:

"I cannot feel as a stranger to you Mademoiselle. It seems to me that, in some former state of being, we must have known and appreciated each other."

Aglaë drew back her hand with an air of reserve; but suddenly her eye fell upon a small mole on his temple, from which he had pushed back his hair. She uttered a faint cry, clasped his hand in both her own, and vehemently said:

"My heart has not deceived me. Yes, we have known each other, but it was on this earth; though why you have played so cruel a part toward the friends that loved you I cannot understand."

Their eyes met in one lightning glance, and he whispered in a voice of deep emotion:

"Aglaë, do you indeed recognize me? Will you consent to love me as you did the Michel of other days?"

"Then you are indeed he?" and she sunk upon a seat completely unnerved by the discovery she had so suddenly made.

In her childhood Aglaë had often toyed with his hair, and the small brown mark which had betrayed him had often been observed by her. M. St. Angeau was watching them, and Ney made a sign to him which he immediately understood. He saw that an explanation was about to take place, and he considerately withdrew his wife that he might give her the clue to what was passing.

Madame St. Angeau listened in amazement, and with difficulty her husband prevented her from rushing back to claim her old friend and welcome him to her house.

When they were left alone, Ney leaned over the half fainting Aglaë and tenderly said:

"Yes, dearest Aglaë, I am that Michel who was once permitted by Heaven to rescue you from imminent peril. Tell me that I then saved the joy and hope of my life and I shall be the happiest of men."

The young girl impulsively drew from her bosom the medallion she had that morning shown to Madame Louis Bonaparte, and smiled brightly as she said:

"Look—behold yourself, and know that I have vowed from childhood that I would be true to the original."

He cast one rapid glance upon the miniature, clasped her to his heart, and whispered:

"Then you will be mine? I can explain all that is past to your satisfaction. I have already done so to your father, and he brought me himself to test the power of your memory."

She extricated herself from his embrace, and stood tearful and blushing before him.

"I have perfect faith in your honor. I can trust you with all that is most precious to me, and I answer that the wish of Napoleon shall not be thwarted. I give you my hand, and with it the heart that has always clung to you."

"And I accept it as the most precious boon that fortune can bestow. Oh, my life was once laid desolate by a demon; but now an angel will chaunt the song of love in my home, and my heart shall cherish her more dearly than it ever did that fair syren who wrought me such bitter woe."

"Bury that memory in oblivion, and let us plant flowers over its grave," said Aglaë with an enchanting smile. "I can well remember that you were a man of sorrow; that my childish wiles brought back smiles to your lips, as I will now bring back joy to your heart."

"That you have already accomplished, my sweet love. In this hour, I would not exchange my fate for that of any living man. Oh, to feel that the one we love is worthy of perfect trust, is sweetest balm to the heart that has suffered from treachery as mine has suffered."

A smile of ineffable tenderness beamed from Aglaë's eyes, as she led him to a sofa, and seated herself beside him. Then she playfully said:

"I am a genuine daughter of Eve, and I am impatient to learn the history of your life since we last met. Tell me all, for even the most minute incident that concerns you, will have deep interest for me."

An hour was passed in explanations, during which many digressions were made, and then Ney asked:

"Will you now bear the name I have won and made glorious for your sake? For in my heart a tender presentiment ever lingered that I should again find you, and claim you as the jewel of my life."

She naively said:

"I feel as if I of right belong to you. Such has ever been my feeling, and this it was which prevented me from accepting the offers of others. My heart comes to you in all the purity and singleness of a first love; see how perfect is my confidence in you, for I speak as freely to you as in those infantile days when you bore me in your arms, and endured all my teazing, tantalizing ways with the patience of a martyr."

"Say rather all your angelic wiles to bring back smiles to the weary lips that closed upon the despair that was in my heart. Dearest Aglae, you have indeed been an angel of hope and blessedness to me."

"And that early life, Michel?" she tenderly asked. "What was that sorrow which bore so heavily upon you? Have I not the right to know it?"

"The time will come, Aglaë, when I can tell you all; but not now. In this hour ask me not to recall the anguish of those days; it would be like placing a death's head amid a feast of flowers. I will not now sadden your heart and my own, by the recital of that which I would gladly cast into oblivion. Let us contemplate the bright future that opens before us, and forget the dark and tortuous path through which it has been gained."

M. St. Angeau became impatient at this long interview, and at length he came in, and drew near the lovers. Ney arose to meet him, and grasped his hand, as he said:

"Your daughter's penetration proved equal to your own, my friend. She knew me, though by what token she has not yet explained."

Aglae also arose, and pointed to the mole upon his temple. She said:

"My heart had already recognized you before I saw that betraying mark. I was then assured of what I had before suspected."

"Then my daughter has at last found her true mate?" asked M. St. Angeau, with a smile.

"We ask your blessing," replied Ney, drawing Aglae's hand within his own. "We have come to an understanding, and Mademoiselle St. Angeau will be my wife."

"And you ask mine too, I hope," said a sweet voice which vibrated with emotion, and Madame St. Angeau advanced from the adjoining apartment. "Dear Michel, I know all, and I pardon you for your long silence, though we have mourned you as dead. But you have come back to us, and all is well."

Ney took the hand she offered, and pressing it to his lips, spoke with deep emotion:

"Ah, Madame, your generous goodness overwhelms me. I ask you for the darling of your heart, but I will not take her from you. I only ask to be received as a son who will make the happiness of your child the study of his life."

"And I fully comprehend that my daughter is most fortunate in the choice she has made," replied the mother.

"And I ratify the contract," said M. St. Angeau, with joyful pride. "Aglaë was right to wait till the true man appeared; though I have often been impatient with her coldness and caprice toward the pretenders to her favor. Come, let us sit down, and cozily talk over what has happened, and what must soon follow in the train of these events."

"Yes," replied Ney—"I have a few weeks of leisure, and my happiness must not be delayed. Make my life complete by giving me my bride as soon as may be."

Aglaë ventured a few faint objections to this haste, but they were overruled, and it was settled that in two weeks the marriage should take place. In a few days their betrothal should be announced to the First Consul, and thus become known to the circle to which they belonged.

Supper was announced, and four happier hearts have seldom gathered around the evening meal. The lovers felt that they had at last gained the bourne of peace for which they had so long sighed, and the parents were elated by the brilliant future which lay before their beloved child. As the wife of a distinguished military chieftain, they knew that her position would be far more eligible than even as a countess of the ancient régime, and they were also warmly attached to their proposed son-in-law.

They separated at a late hour, with a promise from Ney to dine with them on the following day; and Aglae went to her room to muse over the incidents of the evening, and to give up her heart to the great and unexpected happiness which had so suddenly dawned upon her.

She compared her cherished picture with the original as he now appeared, and decided in her own mind that Ney was far handsomer than the sad-looking Michel of other days.

Every hour that the lover could spare from the business which brought him to Paris was devoted to his betrothed, and it was not until the third day after her betrothal that Aglaë found time to drive to Malmaison to inform her friend, Madame Louis, of what had taken place. At the same time Ney went to announce his approaching marriage to the First Consul.

Napoleon heard it with surprise, and merrily said:

"By my faith, General, you storm ladies' hearts as expeditiously as you take the enemy's batteries. This young lady has hitherto refused all lovers, yet you, like Cæsar, can say, 'I came, I saw, I conquered.'"

"Such has been my good fortune, my General; but Madame Louis can probably explain to you that I owe my success to a strong resemblance between myself and one to whom Mademoiselle St. Angeau has been attached from her infancy."

"Ah, well, women are strange riddles, and the sentimental ones the most incomprehensible of all. But Mademoiselle St. Angeau is a clever girl, and I think will not be less true as a wife because she has cherished absurd fancies. You will cure her of all these, and make her a sensible woman."

The listener smiled, but he did not explain that he owed his happiness to those very fancies which rendered Aglae different from the most of her sex.

When Aglaë, with many blushes, and much internal perturbation, revealed to her friend that she was already won by a man Hortense believed to have been known to her but a few days, she was relieved by the sweet and womanly manner with which her communication was received. Madame Louis kissed and congratulated her on the choice she had made, without referring to the brief wooing. She spoke only of the future, and the happiness in store for the bride elect, and Aglaë parted from her with a stronger feeling of attachment for her than she had ever felt before.

As she was taking leave, Hortense said:

"There will be a grand reception at the Tuileries this week, and you must appear there with your betrothed. Ah, dear Aglae, many hearts will envy you the noble and handsome cavalier you have chosen."

"Or, rather, who has chosen me. I shall certainly come, and on that occasion my dress shall be something unique. I shall wear it as a delicate compliment to him who so strongly resembles him to whom I owe my life."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

A VICTIM OF MISTAKES.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

I am the victim of mistakes—at least I always have been, and perhaps always shall be. Some people seem born to such kind of luck, and I am one of them. Wherever I go, somebody is sure to mistake me for somebody else.

Once, while travelling in a neighboring parish, I stopped at a quiet inn, and had just got snugly ensconced in the apartment I was to occupy for the night, when—

"Suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping,
Rapping at my chamber door."

Well, I didn't hesitate so long as the hero of Poe's Raven, but "opened wide the door" forthwith, and saw, not "darkness there and nothing more," but a human figure. In point of fact, as the immortal Micawber would say, there was a man there.

"How do you do, sir?" said the man, in a dry, solemn tone.

"Pretty well, I thank you—how's yourself?" I replied.

"You don't know me, I 'spose!" said the stranger, giving my hand some two or three pump-handle shakes, and deliberately pushing his way in, as if he had taken the room on shares with me.

"I have not that honor, I believe," I answered.

"Well, I am simply Deacon Byles—Deacon Jonathan Byles, at your service,—you know me now, I presume?"

"I think I ought to, after your telling me your name."

"Yes, well, you got down sooner than you expected, I calculate?" pursued the deacon, helping himself to a chair, and depositing his old, seedy-looking hat on the floor.

"On the contrary," said I, "I didn't get down quite so soon—at least by a day. I intended to have been here yesterday."

"Indeed! Why, I didn't expect you before to-morrow. Well, you should have come to my house at once. Come, get your things and go over now—my wife expects you to supper. I've explained matters to Mr. Brown, the landlord."

"Well, permit me to thank you and your wife for your kind interest in my welfare, and to ask you, as a particular favor, to explain matters to me, as well as to Mr. Brown, the landlord?"

"I don't understand you," said the deacon, with a look of some surprise.

"Nor I you," said I.

"Why, aint you the Rev. Mr. Calkins, that's going to preach here next sabbath?"

"No, I aint."

"Dear me! p-h-e-w! I thought you was. Umph! hum! ahem! I've made a mistake, I guess."

"I guess so, too."

"Your name, then, isn't——"

"No, not at all."

"What might it be?"

"It might be Corkle—Adam Corkle. In point of fact—as my immortal friend, Micawber, would say—it is!"

"Well, that's rigat curious!" mused the deacon. "Adam Corkle—Amasa Calkins! A. C., you see, stands for both; and A. C., you see, my son saw on your portmanteau when you first arrived, and that's the way the mistake come, which I hope you'll pardon!"

I assured the deacon of my unreserved forgiveness, and had the honor of three more pump-handle shakes at parting.

On another occasion, after riding for miles, on a hot-day, over a very dusty road, I stopped before the door of a pleasant farm-house, to get a drink of water. Three little tow-heads, who were wallowing in a sand-bank near by, ran screaming into the house; and by the time I had dismounted and reached the door, a rather pretty woman, on the sunny side of thirty, came bounding out, with extended arms, and, before I had time to speak, threw them around my neck and gave me a sobbing embrace.

Now this might have been rather pleasant under different circumstances—but I felt its mutability. I knew it couldn't last—it was a mistake—a mistake, too, that the woman would probably regret more than I should. So I only waited till she began to sob forth something about her dear, dear brother, when I gently dis engaged her arms, and quietly informed her that I hadn't the pleasure of being that happy individual. Then she got scared, and I got embarrassed; but I finally managed to turn it off with some pleasant remarks and the distribution of a few loose coins among her tow-headed children.

Another time, while quietly picking my way through the crowded thoroughfare of a large city, a well-dressed, pompous-looking man came hurrying up, and said, in a short, sharp tone:

"So, sir, I have found you at last, have I?"

"It looks that way to me," I quietly replied.

"Yes, sir! well, sir! I want to know if you intend to settle that account between us?"

"Not aware, sir, that we ever had any business dealings."

"Well, that's cool, at all events. My name is Birch, sir—William Birch—of the firm of Birch & Co., of * * * * street."

"Happy to make your acquaintance, Mr. Birch—though I think you might have introduced yourself in a more polite and gentlemanly manner."

"Introduce myself, sir! introduce myself!—what do you mean, sir?"

"Just what I said—no more—no less."

"Sir! sir!" began Mr. Birch, with a look of rage, "you're a——"

"Hold up!" interrupted I, sternly: "if you call me any hard name, I shall knock you down. There is my card. It is possible you have mistaken me for somebody else."

He almost snatched the card from my hand, and read the name with a mingled expression of surprise, doubt and embarrassment.

"Then your name is not Israel Higginson, of * * * * * * *?"

"I hope not," returned I, "since he seems to be in debt to a man who lacks the dignity of a gentleman."

"If this is so, sir, I must crave your pardon!" he rejoined, in a crest-fallen tone. "Really, the likeness is so strong! and he is such a great rascal, that I——"

"Shall I consider your remarks as complimentary to him or myself?" I again interrupted.

"Ha! I see! I beg your pardon! I'am a little confused! I—I——"

"Quite sufficient apology, Mr. Birch—quite sufficient. I fear, if you venture to say any more, you will blunder again. I quite forgive you—I do indeed—and have the honor to wish you a very good day."

I left him in the act of gathering up the scattered fragments of his demolished pomposity.

Again, while travelling in a rail-car to a distant city, a rough sort of a man entered it at one of the principal stations, and, after looking sharply at each of the male passengers, walked up to me, tapped me on the shoulder, and rather gruffly informed me that he had a warrant for my arrest.

"Who in thunder am I taken for this time?" exclaimed I, while all the passengers looked as if they believed me guilty of highway robbery and murder.

"I take you for a thief!" said the officer, bluntly, as he produced and ran his eye over the warrant. "You're down here," he continued, "as Joe Barker, alias Ned Williams, alias Frank Coffee. Come, out with you! I've no time to wait!"

In vain I assured him he was mistaken in the man, and that I was an honest and highly respectable gentleman.

"You'll have to prove that before a magistrate, or go into a snug jug," he replied.

So I was dragged off, escorted by an unsympathizing crowd of all the worst-looking men and boys in the place, to lose my liberty, passage and baggage, and be required to prove I wasn't a thief, nor "any other man" except myself. This I couldn't do, and so I was held a prisoner and transferred to another State, where, before the time for my trial came on, the writ of *habeas corpus* permitted an examination, which resulted in an honorable discharge from custody of my precious person. Of course, I felt very grateful to the law, for not being sent to the penitentiary for merely looking like a notorious thief.

One instance more and I will close the record; not because of a want of facts of a similar character to continue on with, but because I think I shall have given enough to satisfy every body that it is better to be any body than me.

Business led me to visit one of our smaller Eastern cities, and, while there, I called on an old acquaintance, who lived on the outskirts of the town. My friend was delighted to see me, and insisted on my spending the evening with him, which I did. We played backgammon and drank brandy, drank brandy and played backgammon, till my two dice began to look like four, when I concluded to quit and return to my hotel. My friend would have kept me all night, but I was resolved not to stay, and at a late hour I bade him good-bye and started off, my head a little confused. The streets were poorly lighted, and, being a stranger, who had drank rather more brandy than was good for me, I easily got astray. As I was blundering along through a dark, narrow street, I was suddenly seized by two powerful men, who sprung upon me from a dark passage, and clapped a plaster over my mouth before I had time to call for help. They then hurried me forward and into a carriage that was in waiting just round the first corner, and, getting in themselves, ordered the driver, in a low tone, to make all speed.

Away we went at a furious pace, my kidnappers keeping perfectly silent, and myself getting sober in the shortest possible time. On we went, till the city was left behind, lights were no longer visible, and the houses on the dark road became few and far between. Suddenly we dashed into an enclosure, where everything was still darker, and there the carriage stopped. Then the two men roughly forced me out, and into a dark room, where I could not see my hand before me.

"So, then, you have got him?" said a voice.

"Yes, we have him here at last; but we had to wait a long time for it. We began to fear he had gone out another way."

"You have done well and shall be rewarded," rejoined the first speaker. "*Now, then, away and put on your masks, and let us proceed with the trial.* I suppose you are aware of the charges that will be brought against you?" continued the speaker, apparently addressing me; "and, if proved guilty, of course you know your doom will be death?"

"His mouth is sealed," said one of the others.

"Ah! true! Remove the obstruction and let him speak."

The plaster, which still adhered to my lips, was now jerked off, almost bringing the skin with it, and causing me to utter a slight cry of pain.

"Do not treat him harshly," said the voice of my questioner; "no petty annoyance is proper when a man is about to be tried for his life."

"I think there must be some mistake here," were the first words I uttered. "If, as I now imagine, I am in the presence of a secret organization, I beg you will not make any revelations that can possibly render it dangerous for you to set me at liberty! and that liberty I trust you will be generous enough to grant me, as soon as you discover you have seized the wrong person."

"Ha! what is this?" cried the same voice. "Quick! on with your masks and conduct him to the Hall of Trial! We will see for ourselves."

In a minute I was led into a lighted room, where sat at least twenty men with masks on their faces. The moment I appeared before them there was a general start of surprise, and several exclamations of disappointment.

"Stranger," said the same voice that had before addressed me, "for you are a stranger to all of us, there has indeed been a sad mistake in seizing you for another. We are disposed to rectify it, by returning you to the city, provided you will swear, by all you hold sacred, not to reveal any thing you have seen or heard since your capture."

I took the oath, and half an hour later was set down on the outskirts of the city. The mystery of that strange affair I have never been able to solve.

Really, I am getting nervous. Who shall I be taken for next, I wonder? If I am not hung some day, in mistake for somebody else, I think I shall have reason to be thankful.

METHOD OF REMOVING A RIVAL PRACTITIONER.

The following case is reported to have occurred recently at Bethune, in France:—A medical man, newly arrived in a neighborhood where already there was a highly-esteemed practitioner, in good practice, commenced his career by endeavoring to injure the reputation of this gentleman, resorting to the basest calumnies in order to attain his object. Finding that his efforts to bring M. Bacqueville, the practitioner referred to, into disrepute, had completely failed, he at length spread a report that this gentleman had obtained an infant from a foundling hospital for experimental purposes, and that the child had subsequently been made away with! When this report was fairly in circulation, the calumniator proceeded to a cemetery, disinterred a child, and threw it into a drain on the premises of M. Bacqueville; he then addressed a letter to the authorities, accusing M. Bacqueville of having murdered a child, and pointed out the place where the body would be found. Accordingly, the premises of M. Bacqueville were searched, the body of the child discovered, and that gentleman was taken to prison, where he remained confined for a considerable time. He was at length liberated, on account of there being no evidence against him. From some cause or other, shortly after this, the scandalous proceeding was discovered, and public indignation being roused, the man was brought before the authorities, and charged with an offence *contra bonos mores*, in disinterring a body. He was found guilty, and sentenced to a year's imprisonment, and a fine of 3,000 francs ($600.)

A LAMENT

BY MRS. JOHN C. WINANS.

I.

Gone, gone, my lone heart cries;
Weep, weep, my weary eyes;
Dark, dark, days that were bright;
All, now, desolate night!
Ah, ha, ha, ha! Ah, ha, ha, me!
Would I were with thee,
Over the sea.

II.

Here, here, shadow and fear;
Creep, creep, ever so near;
Joy, joy, when shall I greet?
Dead, dead, until we meet!
Ah, ha, ha, ha! Ah, ha, ha, me!
Would I were with thee,
Over the sea.

WARP AND WEFT;

OR,

THE COTTON FAMINE.

A TALE OF MANCHESTER LIFE.

BY J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE," "DICK TARLETON," "THE STEP MOTHER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

Human faults with human grief confess.—PAYOR.

The widow Hannan could not understand a marriage without a feast, music, and the presence of friends. In vain her daughter assured her that she preferred passing the day quietly, alone, or with herself and brother. The widow's reply was "Rubbish!" such had not been the custom in her young days; she knew better; and, after dispatching Sam to invite their most intimate acquaintances, and secure the services of Blind John for a dance in the evening, sallied out herself, to make the best preparations possible on so short a notice, leaving the bride and bridegroom in possession of the cottage.

The pair, so strangely brought together, sat for some time without speaking a word—Bessie, with her eyes fixed upon the ground; her husband regarding the smoke as it rose up the chimney with a vacant stare.

The silence at length became painful.

"What a singular destiny!" he exclaimed, at last.

"A dream—a hideous dream!" murmured the poor girl, pressing her hand to her brow, and looking round with a bewildered air. "Speak to me, Walter Glyde! Is it true that we have spoken the vow which, in the sight of God and man, binds us to each other?—mocked at a holy ordinance—joined hands without our hearts?"

"Not without mine, Bessie," replied the bridegroom, sadly. "I have loved you for years; but you would never listen to me. Another filled your heart, and all my prayers were vain."

"You knew this?"

"Love is too sharp-sighted to be deceived. I have watched you and John Bentley in your solitary walks; saw you listening to vows which had neither truth nor honor in them, and gnawed my lips in hopeless rage."

"And yet you married me?"

"Gladly."

"Knowing the—the fallen thing I am," added his wife, in a tone in which surprise and contempt were strangely mingled. "I cannot understand this."

"Knowing that you had fallen a victim to his wiles, I made you my wife, Bessie, for I had lost the right to reproach you. My life was in his power."

"*Your life?*"

"There shall be no deceit between us," continued the young man, speaking with increased excitement; "as far as my conduct is concerned, I will speak truthfully—ease my over-full heart by a frank confession of its weakness; perhaps it is the last time that we shall ever converse together."

"What am I to learn?" ejaculated the bride, clasping her hands in terror.

"I need not paint to you, Bessie, the strength of a true passion; you have felt it, and can comprehend it: or the misery—the dull, deadening calm—which succeeds the conviction of its hopelessness. I loved you as men love but once; not with boyish fondness, but manhood's deep devotion. Again and again you rejected me; still I loved on. It was folly—madness; but I could not eradicate the feeling from my breast. Life became hateful to me; solitude a fearful curse—an agony too terrible to be borne. I plunged in dissipation, seeking in its intoxicating whirl oblivion, but only found disgust. The reaction was terrible. I loathed myself—the vices into which I had fallen; made vows of amendment, to be broken whenever the dreadful sense of loneliness fell on me."

Bessie shuddered.

"Can you understand this?"

"But too well."

"The little savings of my well-ordered youth were speedily exhausted," continued her husband. "At the office I had the handling of gold. One night—I knew that John Bentley was to meet you—I found myself penniless; no means of procuring the maddening draught—of joining in the exciting revel. An unholy fire was in my heart—upon my brain. I became a thief!"

"Mercy! shame!" sobbed his wife.

"By altering the invoices and cashing the cheques I continued for a time to conceal my depredations. At last, Bessie, I forged the signature of my employer."

"Forged!"

"You know the punishment?"

"Death!"

"Death," repeated her husband, calmly. "Mr. Bentley made the discovery. I had a long interview with him in his private room. He offered, not safety, that was beyond his power, but concealment for three days, and the means of flight to America.

"You know the rest," he added, mournfully.

"You consented to sell your name? to become the——"

"The husband of the woman I loved," interrupted Walter Glyde, taking her hand, which Bessie did not attempt to withdraw from him. "It is impossible that you should continue to love this man; the womanly instincts of your nature must revolt at his conduct. It is not bad only—but mean, despicably mean. Leave England with me, accompany me to America. I promise to treat you as a sister, till time shall give me a warmer interest in your heart; and never, by Heaven, Bessie, never shall one word, a look, or thought, reproach you for the past."

"Impossible!" resumed the agitated girl.

"You love him still, then?" said her husband, mournfully.

"Love him!" repeated Bessie, in a tone of scorn. "Walter, I have not given you the right to suspect me of that baseness. I despise him, and loathe myself—loathe my past weakness. Neither my youth, ignorance, nor inexperience can excuse it. The sister of his friend, too! Fallen as you are, and threatened with a felon's doom, I will not insult you by comparing you with John Bentley."

"Oh, thanks, dearest Bessie, thanks!" exclaimed the young man, pressing her hand with fervor to his lips.

"But I dare not accept your offer," added his bride.

"Why not?"

"You would despise me—despise yourself for your weakness."

"Never," replied Walter Glyde. "You forget

that I have lost the right to blame. We both have erred, Bessie; but we are still young. The world is before us, and the angel of repentance points brightly to the future."

"We shall never of this again. Do not press me for my answer now; I require time to collect my thoughts—to examine my heart. Then for prayer," added his wife.

Her husband quitted the cottage, and hastened to his own lodgings, to make such preparation for his departure for America as the time permitted. When he returned, he found that Mrs. Hanway had collected her guests, and only waited his arrival to commence the marriage-dinner.

We need scarcely observe that, despite the boisterous mirth of the host, and one or two of the hands from the mill—the particular friends whom he had invited—the feast was a sad one. Bessie appeared quite out of character, and the bridegroom not little ingressed with that joy which most men experience on their wedding-day.

His mother-in-law attributed his silent reserve to gratitude.

"It be all book-learning," she observed, in a confidential tone to one of her female gossips—"Willie was just like us; he didn't often let it be seen, though. Some folks reckoned I was a-dead, when I went home from the wedding-dinner, and left Willie and Bessie to themselves. But I have had in human flesh; I studied the trait in him over my blinding heart; mastering the feeling, for fear, having it rule me, because Walter Leare was; in mercy, leave and I without another word."

Putting his hat over his brows, he ride the cottage home in silence. Bessie, who expected the bridegroom passed rapidly through the kitchen, to the midst of the wondering group, in the parlor.

"All book-learnin' an' gentility," said the widow Hannan, starting in astonishment after the retreating figure of the bridegroom.

"No mine," added one of her female friends. "He's a fine-looking young man, and handsome. He's fortunes, though pale, were calm." For the next time during the eventful day she felt strong in resolution.

"Where be that husband gone to, gal?" demanded her mother.

"You know that I am to remain with you," answered the bride, coolly, "till Walter has prepared a home for me."

"Well, but I——"

"Mother," whispered Bessie, "ask no questions. I regret all you have hitherto done in courage."

"Book-learnin'," repeated the widow to herself; "book-learnin'! There never did come any good out't. They can't make a man love his wife."

"I know you will wish my joy upon my wedding-day," said her daughter, addressing the bridegroom.

"Thine I will, Bessie," he answered, in a low tone; "but the task over and that brother Willie's sake. But what be you and Rosie? Hasn't them again' to have a bit o' a dance?"

"Yes."

"Where be that partner?"

"Here," replied Rosie, taking the hand of her brother-in-law.

The good-hearted fellow did not comprehend the affair. He saw that something was wrong, but could not divine exactly what it was; and, pressing his brains, he led off one of the dances with Rosie, while Bessie, seated on a chair, and rather a concession of figure, none but those to the manner born can execute, was overlooked by Walter.

"Will I will?" said Mr. Hanan, good-naturedly; "I'll see what I can do. I'll go myself and myself will go through the books with Walter."

"Thank you, sir."

"Bessie, you won't see any one."

"I'll take care of that," thought the cashier, as he retired to his seat. "No one shall keep them till this affair is cleared up."

The dance had scarcely ended when Bessie made her appearance at the office. The clerks, as custom may naturally suppose, felt anxious to know the cause of the unusual holds, and eagerly inquired her wishes.

"Where, Hall is Walter?"

"Can't see him," called the cashier from his desk.

"If he is occupied, I will wait."

"Can't wait."

"Mr. Hanan is engaged with his future son-in-law, he desired when you have placed confidence, as I have been."

"Oh, I thought so!"

The lightened pointed to the door, without the slightest hesitation. She would wait, judged in the manner she did of the information. Indifferent to the fact, she left him, she passed on, and knocked gently.

"Come in," she cried a voice, impatiently. The next instant the door closed behind her, and she stood in the presence of Walter.

"What's that?" demanded the cashier, looking at him, for once.

"He has gone in, sir."

"Don't be so impudent."

"Don't be so!" repeated Sam. "Your Halliday saw us on board the ship at Liverpool Docks; almost beats 'em off, and refused us a good voyage."

"A good voyage, and he remain' away from his wife!" said Mrs. Hannan, bitterly.

"No I believe she be gone back to her mother."

"I wish I'd seen 'em."

"So do I," said Sam. "I'd ha' wished 'em a good voyage. I'd ha' wrung his neck, or broken his back over my knee."

"Do Lord help then, gal," exclaimed the widow, regarding Rosie, who had taken the medium without belonging either surprise or emotion, "if I believe she be gone clean out of his senses. I wish Willie were here; for I can't understand it."

"It will be clear in time," observed her daughter.

"Do Lord grant it, lass! the Lord grant it! That it's a puzzle to me; I can't make head or tail on that. Think Isaac's my uplift. If that fellow had run away from me on his wedding-day, I'd ha' ran'd him! He'd ne'er tried that trick on me."

"I don't think he would, mother," said Sam.

"What was the cause of the ship?" inquired the widow.

"The Falcon."

"And when did it sail?"

"Yesterday."

"He's safe, then," thought Bessie, and the conviction brought relief to her mind; for it left her at liberty to act.

An hour later brought her a letter from her husband, announcing the intelligence of his having sailed, for it had been written at the mouth of the Mersey, and given to the pilot when he quitted the ship.

"What does the villain say for himself?" inquired the widow.

"Nothing."

"What! nothing? Leave my daughter! leave his wife! cut off to America! on his wedding-day! Let them write and say nothing. Th' world certainly must be coming to an end."

"I'm sad sorry, mother," whispered Bessie, as she left the room. "Have but a little patience with me."

"Patience!" repeated the widow. "Lord bless her! what can I do?"

"That think hard," said her son.

"What they were still discussing the extraordinary occurrence, her daughter passed through the kitchen, and left the cottage.

"Dressed in her very best!" ejaculated Mrs. Hannan.

"Yes."

"Then she hasn't assumed to show her face, at any rate."

"Why should she, mother? It shit her Sqb if Walter Gayle ha' turned out a villain."

"Don't."

"Yay, mother."

"Never than take to book-learnin'; said that." "I don't believe it, mother."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Adieu! adieu! my native shore!
Fades o'er the waters blue afar!
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Yon sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight.
Adieu! adieu! my native shore!
Fades o'er the waters blue afar!
Lord Byron.

"Two days more, and I shall be master here," thought Mr. Hannan, as he walked into the counting-house on the morning of the first day of his future father-in-law, he walked into the counting-house.

The cashier no sooner perceived Mr. Hannan, than he rose up, with the pen in his desk, and followed him into the private office.

"Walter," said the bridegroom's father, "I have just heard the rumor of Bessie's husband's flight. Is there any truth in the report?"

"Why, I will, sir."

"We have important business to attend to; but I must have an explanation on this subject."

"Well I will?" said Mr. Hannan, good-naturedly; "I will see what I can do. I will myself and myself will go through the books with Walter."

"Thank you, sir."

"Bessie, you won't see any one."

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"I don't think he would, mother," said Sam.

"What was the cause of the ship?" inquired the widow.

"The Falcon."

"And when did it sail?"

"Yesterday."

"Poor girl! poor girl!"

"You will forgive him, sir?" she continued. "We will work hard, both of us, to replace the money. Think of the disgrace! the infamy! the shame to my mother, who saved your life, Mr. Hanan, it is for his sake I implore your mercy. I have not left it for my own."

"I will forgive him," said the cotton-spinner, "for your sake, girl; bless you!"

"You have awakened a name and influence I should in no possible way, indeed, out to recognize. I owe a heavier debt to poor Willie than ten times the sum can pay.

"You have seen him invoices?" he added, turning to her brother.

"In the master's desk, sir."

"You are relations, Bessie. I have not—"

"I am not aware, sir," replied the victim, calmly "in the black letter-case, clasped with silver. Search, and you will find them there."

"I cannot recollect."

"You must recollect it. My husband gave them to you here, in this room, and saw you place them there. Look for them, as you value all that you hold dear—all that you have fled for!"

"Bessie, for Heaven's sake—for Willie," said Mr. Hanan, imitating the hidden menace in her words, but in the effect of excitement. "I will get the ledger from the cashier myself; better to have no witnesses to this sad—sad affair."

"Are you mad?" whispered the hypocrite, as soon as the speaker had quitted the room.

"No, I have recovered my senses."

"This is folly—jealousy."

"Jealousy!" repeated Rosie, with a look of such withering contempt that it stung him to the very soul. "Jealousy! That has never been for there can be no jealousy without love; and scorn of your unmanly baseness has cured me of my folly. You have lured with me, by pretending a position you never really held, and which the friend who trusted you—the simple, confiding Willie—has given to the ingenuous of the world, regarded you as some superior being—who would have died for you—for you. All this I have borne; but I will not tamely submit to the insult of your love-suit. Speak to me again and I quit the house."

"You would have these invoices," she added.

"What if I refuse?"

"Then, sir," said Bessie, "replied his visitor, calmly. "In insisting—in compelling me to leave you by remaining, you commit a crime, you endanger your influence over me; in obtaining me as Walter Gayle, you gain him a defender."

"So I suspect," he muttered to himself, as he quitted Mr. Hannan, as he reappeared with the letter-case in his hand.

"I believe I have, sir," was the reply.

"Then I will leave you immediately; none can removing her dark, searching eyes, as he turned over the contents of the letter-case.

"There they are," he said, handing them to the bridegroom's father.

"Mrs. Gayle," said the old man, speaking with the cold politeness of one whom the most commercial men would consider my weakness for the fair sex, "before they are sent, allow me then; I solely yourself they are complete; and that you have no unlawful yourself—Here is the fee. You understand me."

The blood-stained stone placed them in her hand, as he concluded.

She scarcely examine them, most carefully. The handwriting of her husband was too familiar to her not to be recognized. With a cry of joy, that thrust them between the bars of the grate, scarcely pausing to observe that they were consumed, when her feelings, which had been wrung to the highest pitch, gave way, and sinking to the floor of her bed-room, she pressed it to her lips, and sobbed convulsively.

"Bessie, dear!" said the cotton-spinner, kindly, "that will do. Write to Walter Gayle that the cause has been solely—either Mr. Bentley nor myself will ever trouble a word to his wife."

"Bless you, sir, for your goodness! And may you never be deceived when you have placed confidence, as I have been."

"Ah, I thought so!"

"I had made the discovery, but refused Gayle's entreaties to destroy the proofs of its guilt; it was his foul Lavenza, his evil genius, and Heaven, I suppose, the reason of Rosie's remorse and repentance. All appeared reconciled at last."

"To speak plainly, I did think it rather strange that such a man should take a wife to make to me?"

"You have anticipated it."

"How so?"

The lawyer pointed to the grate.

"By the notes not you have just perfected. It was my intention, on the day that make me the happiest of men, to solicit your indulgence for Walter Gayle."

"You are a noble fellow!" exclaimed the cotton-spinner, clasping his familiarly upon the shoulder; "and long as I'd don't feel prouder to own as a son-in-law than if you had been fortune to Lancashire at your back."

"It would be useful now we praise, sir," said the hypocrite.

"But with such proofs as I have had."

With all Mr. Hannan's approval of his intended son-in-law, he never gave Miss Worsley back the deed by which she so disinterestedly settled her fortune upon him. It was not from meanness; for Gilbert Hannan was anything but mean man; neither was it forgetfulness of the topic, being so wealthy, he remembered it only as the sacrifice by recollecting that he could make them. It up to her from the very first.

Two days later a brilliant party assembled at the Collegiate Church—more promoted to the rank of a cathedral—to witness the marriage of John Bentley and the wealthy heiress: a bishop officiated at the nuptial benediction.

"God bless you, my child!" said her father, who appeared sadly overcome at parting with her. "May you be as happy as a wife as you have been good and dutiful as a child. Make her a good husband, John. If he will I ask," he added.

"Of course, he will make her a good husband," observed her aunt. How could the husband of Mary prove otherwise than good?"

"How indeed!" echoed the bridesmaids.

There was a great deal more said on the occasion, of the residence of the cotton-spinner, followed by the usual toasts and speeches, in the midst of which the newly-wedded pair started in a carriage and four for their wedding-tour to the Lakes.

A hearty cheer from the mill-hands, assembled in front of the house, bade them God speed upon their journey.

"Well, mother," said Sam, when he made his appearance at the cottage, "I have seen 'em off; they be gone a-towerin, as the butler called it."

"He be a lucky man," observed the widow. "Who? John Bentley? I think he be full partner. I hear it said, and the master be to half-a-crown a year, so say."

"Did thee see me married?" inquired his mother.

"No; but I sent 'em start; and Miss Mary did look so pretty in her white veil and flowers, and all that."

"She is a good young lady, said Bessie; "and I hope she will be happy as a wife as I am. I do not envy her," she added to herself; "I do not envy her."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

WHAT IS THE HARDEST MODE TO DIE!

To be shot dead is one of the easiest modes to die. Instantly, as the ball hits the body, life leaves the heart and reflect. On the first effective charge of the fatal salvoes of Spain, to associate William, Prince of Orange, who took the field with 30,000 men in Flanders, the ball passed through the house of the first cannoneer, and killed the man the instant preceding stupefaction, he was able to frame the thought that he was hit. He reeled and fell lax and crushed him. The cannot-shot which killed him was the brake of Count Egmont did not prevent him from aiding his sword by the bill. He fell as he fainted, and the moment for decrease, was pressed on him by a blow which we have given to

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

A FRAGMENT OF OCTOBER.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Deep as the summer's purple bloom,
The Fall-time's misty pall
Is lying on the prairie-sward,
And on the forest wall;
Just as it used to lie, mother,
In Fall-time sweet and old,
In Autumns of the past, mother,
The dearest past of all.

Whose phantom tents of all varieties are set,
Where shadows sound as fall,
But where will blow the black wind-tree
We never may recall!

For still in wealth's darkest spring
We see with clearer eyes,
And hear with purer ears the bloom
And song that sound as lies,
And walk the radiant aisles of an
Unfallen paradise!

The ground! For me the beauty of
That dim remembered spring,
And life's obvious freshness now
Their splendors seem no thing.
And Hope, that make-faith thing! Is Hope
Is a forgotten thing?
Buried in dead dreams fall, and as man
Even hope's deserted are,
Who dares to call it back again?
The tears of Years' wreaks,
And all life's genuine scents to be
Under the fallen leaves!

The blind passes me long ago;
But one sweet face shall
The saddest here, the lofty love,
That never yet changed,
And looking on that love, mother,
My heart is not afraid!
My soul is not afraid, mother,
That round me broken fall
The golden dreams that blessed me once
In sweeter days gone by;
For, seeing that within Eden I find
The tree that cannot die!

FOREST ADVENTURES.—No. 5.

BY COL. WALTER A. DUNCAN.

A PANDANUS WITH A RHINOCEROS.

If I had only counted the value of the most sad horns of the two oryxes, I should have felt that my journey was well enough, for I had not the best horns I owned—by far the best horns in the party. But I did not look at the matter in that light. The adventure formed a grand page in the history of my existence, and, on the whole, I was more than satisfied with the result. Two days afterwards we met a party of Boers, who had been into the interior after ivory, and of them I purchased two horses—one of which proved to be fully equal, in every point, to the animal I had lost.

Early one morning, just as we were impending for a start, my boy Jan came running to me, in something which sat upon a small knoll, about two hundred yards distant. It appeared to be a large bird, of the size of a bustard, with plumage like fine and burnished gold. The rays of the rising sun had just fallen upon it, and a more beautiful flashing of golden I never saw. Harry had his rifle by his side, and as soon as he saw the object, he took aim and fired. The bird moved, but did not offer to leave its seat, though the ball had furrowed the ground close by its feet. Ben Gilroy took the next shot; but he had just eaten his breakfast, and was too fat of mind and coffee to be sure of his mark. At this second cause the bird flew off again, and seemed to be wondering what was the matter. I took my best Westley rifle, and sighted about three, and, being a reet by placing my elbows upon my knees. My aim was sure, and as I fired the bird fell over upon its side, seemingly without a struggle. We found it to be a web-footed bird, much like the flamingo, though with shorter legs and neck. Its plumage was blue and red, with shades of the most beautiful purple imaginable. I took off the skin, and placed it to one of the wagons covers to dry.

That afternoon we pulled up by the shore of a small lake, and unyoked our oxen about five o'clock. Hendrik Botha and the two Mosambique men went to a neighboring thicket after wood for a fire. I got out my fishing-tackle, the cause of a springbok which we had killed on the day before. In a little while the two servants returned with wood, and when I asked them where fire was, they declared that not that had stopped to pick some berries which he had found growing upon a crooked tree. They ordered what kind of berries he could have discovered, and when old Gash had got the meat ready for cooking, I thought I would go and see.

The thicket where the wood had been obtained was some twenty rods away, towards a marshy arm of the lake, and when I reached the edge of it, I stopped and called my friend by name. I called a second time, but received no answer. I found the track where the Mosambiques had gone in, and followed it, still calling Ben's name as I advanced.

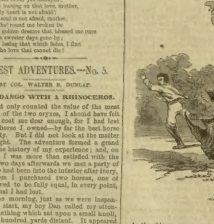
There could the old fellow have gone? I found his spot where the wood had been cut, but I found nothing of Ben. Upon a low bush I discovered some small red berries, very much in look and taste like the wild-bush cranberries of New England, but I did not care to eat them. I did not mind them, though, for I knew what peculiar properties they might possess. I was upon the point of going again, when I thought I heard a sound ahead of me. I pushed on a little further, and then sung out my friend again. I heard the same sound, as though some one was digging at the bottom of a tree. A few steps further on I came to a dense mass of thorn bushes, through which it was impossible for me to make my way. Beyond was a copse of tall, slender trees, and I could see the tops of two or three of them vibrating. Ben must be there, digging after something. I called to him again, but he did not seem to hear me. I could not go through the hedge of thorns, but I could go around it; and with this latter idea I struck off to the right, and soon cleared the impenetrable.

"Ah, old fellow—I've caught you, have I?" I cried, as I approached the place where the disturbance was going on. "Why didn't you——"

I was about to ask why I had not been answered; but the words stuck in my throat. It was not old Ben at all. It was a huge black rhinoceros, of the double-horned species! He was tearing up the earth with his fore-feet, and pushing and blowing like a porpoise. What a thunderbolt for a hunter! For weeks I had been longing to meet one of these fellows, and here I was, having no gun with me, and a specimen of one of the best as ever walked, and without any rifle. I was upon a plain as my bed; but of what avail could a pistol be against such armor as this monster was clothed? I got the wagon, and back again, before the species would be gone?

But thought of what I might do were very soon forced to give place to thoughts of what I must do; for the rhinoceros began to scent me out, he had had short enough of my company. He gave a loud, doleful snort, and with the dog next to the ground, and his short tail erect, he darted towards me.

I say he darted towards me. So it would seem that the black, two horned rhinoceros, despite his short legs, and clumsy-looking feet, is able to make some quick movements. In a straight line he can run almost as fast as a horse, though his enormous bulk prevents him from changing his course with much agility. There are four kinds of the rhinoceros in Southern Africa—two of the black species, and two of the white. Of the former, one has two horns, while the other has only one. Both the white species have two horns. The one-horned white is common with rhinoceros, or sasbacke, is from two to three feet long, and quite broad over the back, while the horn of the sasbacke is often over four feet in length, and is inclined forward over the nose. The posterior horns of all varieties are very short, seldom growing more than eight or ten inches in length. The black variety is not smaller than the white, but far more dangerous, being more wreckful, and of a more ungovernable disposition. These horns, unlike the horns of other animals, are not composed of solid, compacted agglutinated bony fibres, something like whalebone, and are not attached to the skull. They rest upon the nasal bones, and are bedded in a sort of callous mass, which is covered with the skin. Excepting the elephant and the hippopotamus, the rhinoceros is the largest of terrestrial animals, and one of the most powerful. His terrible horn makes him a fatal enemy to the elephant; and his armor-like skin gives him great advantage, in conflict with the lion. In fact, he resists the forest with perfect immunity from molestation, save when the hunter crosses his track.



As the rhinoceros came towards me, my first impulse was to run; but I knew that I could not pass that way, for I had moved around so far that the thicket of thorny acacias cut me off from retreat in that direction. I knew, something, that, too, very quickly; so I dodged behind a clump of trees, and called out for help. Had Ben been within sight or hearing he would have come to my assistance, for I knew that while there were bushes and trees between us, the rhinoceros would not leave to call me. But there was danger. I could not turn my back upon the animal, for I knew that he could easily overtake me; and I must speak quickly or some accident to throw me out of my calculations. But at last time the thought of danger was not what troubled me. I had no fear for my own escape so much as I did of the escape of the rhinoceros. I had no gun, and I knew that I talked with all my might. There were a score of loaded rifles not far away—why could not some of them be with me?

My shouts seemed to exasperate the furious beast, and his puffs and snorts became terrific; but this, being the usual manner of anger, was partially lessened it, as the brute grew more and more excited. I knew it, and therefore called more blindly, and was more easily avoided. But I was getting tired, and knew that I must put in my enemy seemed to be on the increase.

Where on Ben Gilroy? Where were the others of my companions? Supper must be waiting. Why did they not look for me as well as this?—perhaps the report of my pistol might have reached them. I drew it, and fired at the rhinoceros—and the ball had about as much effect upon him as though I had fired it upon a plate of iron.

Hark! Somebody coming. Yes I have voices. Some one calls my name.

And it is for musician—dear old Jan and Harry Rust came upon the scene. Harry had brought his rifle, and Jan had a pair of double-barrelled balls; and as soon as he gained a safe position, he fired. The ball entered just in the shoulder of the ugly brute, and Mr. Rhinoceros turned his attention to Harry. Upon a second fire he fell dead.

Where had I been these times exiled, Ben very easily explained why I had not found him. He had gone to the thicket after wood, and found a few berries, and then gone further into the bushes, and so he was out of hearing when I discovered the rhinoceros; but being to the windward of the beast, he had scented him and made his escape. Instead of going back by the way he had entered, he slipped out at the other end, and was so much afraid that the "breath of rhinoceros" was upon him, that he did not stop to breathe freely by a two prolonged exhaustion? I told him that I thought he was right, and that the books—blessings on their astute learning—occasionally tell in truth.

FANNY FERN.

HOW TO DO IT.

The pains which Mrs. Grundy sometimes takes to hide from a child the fact of its pestiferous seems to be equaled only by the pains which parents take to conceal the fact from its knowledge by any other means. Whenever a child is seen over there on mirrors either on the walls, or in the adjacent rooms of every child, the parents and caretakers might possibly avail. But, as this is not the case, would it not be well to endeavor to admit the fact to the child, adding the means by which it may be avoided? Morality and moral deficiencies, those who are alienated at first sight by this view, say what we will, is usually expected to endorse corresponding spiritual perfections. "Actions" is Emerson's favorite motto, and "Beauty is only skin deep," are also favorites; but the fact is, that the outward form of the organ lips which ever uttered them, can be wholly by a pair of bright eyes or a loving form, it is not much while to give these maxims a far fetch-and-wide attention. Young people are keener critics than we imagine, and sometimes they look among the older visitors, for consistency in their sisters.

FANNY FERN.

THE ETIQUETTE OF TRAVEL.

The American can prepare abroad, we think, save the pain for civility to women. Of course, the "Ladies first" is never lacking; gentlemen in the centers notwithstanding; still—there is some extent wherein, this is particularly struck with its truth in travelling. In the stage-coaching the ladies in American gentlemen will take back again to other to the inside to be accustomed place. The coolness with which he will lend a helping hand to a valise, or a baby, for the encumbered women, in case of a dearth of "porters" all these things are so common in America, that one has really need to learn it, to men fully believe it. As to any thing in the way of coping such good-natured service, if necessary, from unfamiliar, save when the hunter crosses his track.

Among the various absurd books on etiquette, the most absurd is that which prescribes the etiquette of the steamboat, the railroad-car and the stage-coach. How rudely a gentleman may one bestow upon a gentleman who, in a revolving moment, has offended him, and how the ungainly and useful services above-named are left to the lady to be paid, or not paid, by courtesy, to vary the tedium of a long day of travel, must be left to the best tact, or, may not be quite naturally and properly, as if she were not there, the most effete in the fable, according to the centre to curtail the general enjoyment.

That last sentence must be shorter, but I proceed to affirm, that there are occasionally with the most elaborate books of etiquette fill to meet. One such occurred, not long since, on a steamboat plying on Hudson River in a day-boat. Dinner was expected to be served at two o'clock, and we had left at early eight-times. One of the ladies on board, having had not the appetite for her very early breakfast, found herself at ten o'clock quite faint from exhaustion. She had provided herself with a basket of the cook and begged a cup of tea. That busy personage, however, was overwhelmed with a full heart, and a full passage, and remarked that "she had no time to get tea." The lady replied, in fact, she could be served. Returning on clock to the cook, would be a delightful joy to her non-success. Just then she spied a strange lady at a passing, unoccupied table, and proceeded to it, and to the table. Why should I not ask my lady for a cup of tea? Why should I not ask of what? not a perfect stranger?" declared her question to the hall where her